

REVEAL DIGITAL

The Seed

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The flipped-out Chicago Seed manifests itself every two weeks from 837 N LaSalle Street as a karma debt to Seed Publishing, Incorporated. 26 issues will be teleported to you if you mail \$6. Ad and copy deadlines are the first and third Fridays of the month. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes if you want our resident mystics to return your stuff. We belong to UPS, LNS, HIP, SDS, UNCLE. Business and hellos---337-2623 Ads-----943-5290

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Hip Pocrates returns next issue and Linda, Sue, Helaine and the other behind-the-scenes people. With welcome and special thanks to FRED.

Abrahams and Abraham appeared in 'obscenity court' on Valentine's Day. While defense apprehension snuffed plans to dress as Cupid and St. Massacre, our guys flashily outmaneuvered Corp. Counsel and state something-or-other Tricky Dicky Elrod.

The case (and that of porno bookmarm Barbara Kahn) was continued until 2/27, when more legal games will go down. We'll let you know when the next realie comes up.

HELPFUL #s--CLIP AND SAVE

SEED	837 N LaSalle	337-2623
KALEIDOSCOPE	1876 N Sheffield	337-2623
	(Leave Messages)	
SECOND CITY	2120 N Halsted	549-8760
STUDENT MOB	6 S. Clinton	641-0280
SDS	1608 W Madison	666-3874
CHICAGO FILM CO-OP	162 N Clinton	641-0932
NEWSREEL		
PRINT CO-OP	6710 N Clark	973-0219
REV. AUTO CO-OP	3855 N Ashland	528-5112
SEDGWICK MENTAL	1900 N. Sedgwick	642-3531
HEALTH CENTER		
VD CLINIC	27 E 26th	842-0222
GRACE CHURCH	555 W Belden	LI9-1002
(runaways)		
YOUTH INFLUX	1722 N North Pk	664-1144
LSD RESCUE	1918 N Mohawk	664-1422
	6820 S Crandon	363-6646
KINETIC PLAYGD.	4812 N Clark	SU4-1700
ARAGON	1106 W Lawrence	LO1-8323
TRIANGLE PROD	211 E Chicago	787-7585
ELECTRIC MOVE.	2948 Bryn Mawr	FI6-4453
AUDITORIUM THEA.	70 E Congress	922-2110
CADRE	519 W North	664-6895
HYDE PK ANTI-DRAFT	5515 S Woodlawn	363-1248
UNION		
AM. FRIENDS SERV.	407 S Dearborn	
LAWDALE ASS. FOR	3346 W Roosevelt	
SOC/HEALTH		
ACLU	6 S Clark	236-5564
LSCRRRC (LAW STUD.)	357 E Chicago	
POLICE	--	WA2-4747
POLICE EMERG.		PO5-1212
AUDY HOME (juv.)	2240 W Roosevelt	633-2300
COOK CTY JAIL	26th & California	LA3-0101
OMBUDSMAN	Box 8080 Chi 60680	744-8080

revolutionary contingent

The Revolutionary Contingent will hold a meeting on February 21 to discuss the problems and methods of relating to the working class. There will be speakers and a panel discussion. On the 28th, at 7:30, the Contingent will show films and hear speakers on the Middle East situation, under the heading "Nixon's Vietnam?" Both programs will be held at the Church of the Holy Convent, 925 W. Diversey, near the Diversey "L" stop. Everyone is invited.

RUBIN AND THE JETS

Dear Jerry,

I got off the subway after a half-hour of eyeball-dueling with the owners of the Great Midwestern Hardware Store, Inc. and walked down Chicago Avenue to the bullet-riddled office of the Chicago Seed. It's a route that we've walked together; past the evil vibrations of the Eighteenth District and the sterility of the YMCA, around the corner and by the-stomp-a-wierdo-for-Jesus Moody Bible building, with its annex slowly rising on the graves of black houses. I walked the four blocks thinking shit that everyone I'm tight with has been thinking. I walked into the office and found "An Emergency Letter to the Brothers and Sisters."

Hey Jer, who did you write the letter for? Liberation News Service or the New York Review of Books? Do you seriously believe that there are radicals in this country who don't know that 1968 was terrible and that 1969 is going to demand a massive reappraisal of self and society? While you were sitting at your desk didn't you look up and see a tired Nancy, didn't you pause and take an aspirin or a downer to try and quell the son-of-a-bitch throb that every freak and politico feels more and more as a price for living in America.

Jer, when I read the first part of the letter, the part that raps down the history of the last few years, I flashed on the baseball riff we blew a few months ago at my apartment. You know, the one where we predicted the year in sports terms. I remembered that you said the Movement would bat around .350, I recalled asking what position you'd be playing. I also remembered your answer--"I think I'll be a coach." Is that why your letter reads like the last will and testament of Pops Rubin and the Knothole Gang?

You ask some good questions Jer, questions about whether white radicals are serious about changing the system, questions that are heard from Chicanos and blacks and from the little man inside my own head. You seize on 'affinity' as both test ("the way to feel whether or not we have something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble?") and end. You call for "collective identification," which should be an 'of course' to anyone who hung out at Columbia, the Chicago parks, or any commune. You understand that to call for families is to accept that Phil Och's "demonstrations are a drag" line would have made a much better D.C. banner than Dellinger's "what is happening here is an indication of the growing strength of the anti-war movement," incredulity.

But if the parts about where we've been and where our heads are at are old business, then your Rx is our of Fantasyland. To call for massive prison demonstrations is naive (nobody will show and bad vibes aren't good box office for our heroic guerillas), over-defensive (would you rather have stopped the draft or freed Morton Sobel), and a waste of time (Mr. and Mrs. Plastic America might take your suggestion and tour the slams if you're willing to guarantee that you and all them other pee-verts will be on exhibit). Like it or not,

we've no time to channel a major dose of energy into prison reform. The forty blue meanies who got the shit kicked out of them at Berkeley may be thinking about bigger and better jails, but we have to be the New Men and Women you mention and build a society that doesn't need prisons or pigs. We have to do what's possible until we're strong enough to demand the impossible--and protesting an effect like jails isn't going to add inches to our biceps.

Jer, the rest of that Ochs line is "besides we're much too high." Maybe, we're too strung out on nowism, maybe we are your "spoiled brats" so used to having our way that we flip out at the first sign that it's gonna be a long time comin'. It could be true that most of the street fighting men and women who scream for "palace revolution" would go insane if "the game of compromise solution" escalated into open warfare; it could also be true that, having made your "existential choice" to join the Movement, you (or any other Gold Star Motherfucker) have no call to attempt to divert the path of an unchannelable Movement. for a defensive trip when the shit hits the fan. Are those affinity groups, communes, and defense organizations going to spend the bulk of their time fending off the Man? If so, forget about change, no less revolution.

What good does it do if I proclaim myself to be Spartacus? The 90,000 who marched against Crassus were slain. Like it or not, we're still at the level where the duty of a good revolutionary is not to get caught, where we should be thinking of getting it on, not over. We have to handle the continuance of Biafra and Nam and inner city horrors and penal oppression until we're strong enough to really do something about them. Sure we risk co-optation and energy drain, but the alternative is blowing both change and the chance for change by coming out too soon. Even blacks, who seem to have become the vanguard of (or scapegoats for) revolution, even they who join the fight for liberation to "struggle against physical and mental oppression" should listen to William Worthy's statement that the CIA will stop at nothing to do in the Panthers and other vanguard organizations and to Andrew Young's (of the Southern Christian Leadership Council) remark that

I just don't see any possibility of revolution at this moment and I'd rather quit talking about revolution and talk about what's possible.

Many people want to build a new society, but where is the Revolution? At Columbia University a year later? At Columbia records? At the U. of C.? Put "Revolution" down as a do-nothing song, but don't let the Stone's energy make you forget that apocalyptic vision is no substitute for having enough people to claim the streets in fact as well as rhetoric. Speed kills; re-read Lenin on revolutionary patience.

Since nobody transcends the American Nightmare, we have to define our role in a collapsing please go to page the seventeen

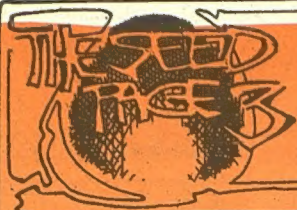
black panthers initiate breakfast for children program

The Black Panther Party has instituted a Breakfast For Children program. The goal is to see that all black school children have a full breakfast before going to school in the morning.

"It is a known fact that a child who is not hungry is more receptive to learning than a child who goes to school on an empty stomach. This program of providing hot breakfasts for children is, therefore, a very realistic community activity initiated by the Black Panther Party to secure for the black community another of their basic needs and desires, despite efforts of the racist, exploitative power structure to see that black people's needs are not met," said a Black Panther Party spokesman.

The program, begun in Oakland, has met with astonishing success, growing from eleven to two hundred children in two weeks. Facilities there are donated by St. Augustine's Episcopal Church, food is donated by local businessmen, and the meals (eggs, bacon or sausage, grits and hot chocolate) are cooked and served by the Panthers.

The Black Panther Party plans to expand Breakfasts For Children to other cities, including Chicago.



THE MOVEMENT

Those Madkap Kollege Kids

DANCE MARATHON CONTINUES

"We had the University by the balls and all we gave it was an erection." This was one of the few successful attempts at political analysis at the tactical meeting held on the fourth floor of the liberated Administration Building at the University of Chicago on Lincoln's Birthday, fourteen days after 300 students moved in.

For those of you who tuned in late, the original issue was the employment of sociology professor Marlene Dixon. The University originally declined to retain her on the grounds that she does not meet "current standards" and issued the Gray Report to substantiate its claims. According to the Report, Mrs. Dixon was involved "in research that her colleagues considered frivolous," is a poor scholar, and has failed to publish an adequate amount of material. Radical students feel that Mrs. Dixon is guilty of being a liberated woman active in the Women's Liberation Movement and a Marxist who encourages her students to involve themselves in social change.

But somewhere along the line, the University, which has consistently outmaneuvered the demonstrators, blew it. In an attempt to give 'due process,' the Administration had named a seven-member faculty committee to review the sociology department's decision not to rehire Mrs. Dixon. But the committee, being part of the bureaucracy, dragged its collective ass past the December 15th deadline for decisions on terminations. Since they had not acted promptly, they were forced to scurry about and come up with what committees of this type are famous for--a "compromise." Mrs. Dixon would be rehired for one year as a staff member in the dead-end Human Resources Department. The extension would be "terminal." Nice and neat--the University extends a courtesy to a departing faculty member, allows her to seek another position and quietly fade from notice, and ends the strike by stealing its major thunder. Only one thing went awry--Dixon refused the appointment, saying that it would be unfair to all the students who have stood up (or sat in) in her behalf.

This nonsense went down over a six-month period. During that time, some students at the U of C learned, either through Mrs. Dixon or as a result of their own research, that the University is a multi-faceted agent of oppression with unsavory connections with the ruling elite, the government, and our old friend, the military-industrial complex.

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U. OF C. HISTORY

Back in 1962 students at the University of Chicago held one of the first building sit-ins in the country. Four or five hundred people took the Administration Building to protest the University's use of racial quotas in renting apartments in the Hyde Park area. They stayed for two or three days, went virtually unnoticed, and finally left. Shortly after, the racial quota disappeared.

In 1966, General Hersey announced that tests would be instituted so that students could have the opportunity to die for the war machine. Student delegations sent to Dean Wayne Booth and still-president Beadle were rebuffed, and the faculty closed ranks rather than grant that students could decide their fate. A group calling itself Students Against the Rank (SAR) arose and began to propagandize for student power. They too felt the mysterious tug to the Administration Building.

This demonstration differed from its predecessor in that it had the appearance of victory. An agreement was reached not to hold selective service ranking tests on campus, a faculty committee with some students on it was formed to look into university cooperation with the system, and another body was constituted to examine the issue of student participation in campus decisions. Eventually, the decision was reached that the University should cut itself off from most or all communication with the pesky government and not provide information on ranking. However, the actuality was that the University's cooperation was the result of larger forces. Congress had already moved to revise the Selective Service Act, and the University's entire show of summoning representatives of the Marshall Commission to a conference sponsored with Ford Foundation money was actually a case of flagging a dead horse for one's own benefit.

The issue was revived in the spring of 1967, when some concerned radical popped into the registrar's office and inquired if he could get his class rank for the winter of '66 and the spring of '67. The reply of "sure" set off cries of "duplicitous" and the week before exams found the Administration Building cluttered with irate students.

The Administration had been girding its loins in response to the activities of a student power committee, which had issued a radical report suggesting ways to make the campus relevant. Summonses were issued, suspensions followed, and SAR's pleas fell on deaf ears. The University emerged as a complete victor when it reinstated

Cont. on p. 11

ROOSEVELT ERUPTS AGAIN

Roosevelt University was founded by Eleanor Roosevelt, among others, and was intended to be a university for minority-group students. Yet, Roosevelt has become another factory for technologyland run by dead-ass old men administrators.

In the fall of 1968, the Black Students Association (BSA) tried to get something going for the blacks at RU. They wrote many lengthy reports and met frequently with department chairmen and others to discuss their demands for a university that fulfilled the needs of black students. The administrators, being liberals, caused nothing to happen. When the winter semester began, BSA decided something stronger was needed.

The "something stronger" turned out to be the takeover of classes, often with the instructors' permission, and using the class sessions to talk about issues related to blacks on campus and to discuss the relevance of the subjects taught to blacks. The administration asked the instructors to call the takeovers "disruptions" and to call for police, but this rarely happened in the twenty-one classes where BSA members ran the class.

Friday, the blacks and whites held a mass rally where, among the run-of-the-mill rhetoric, black leaders announced tentative agreements with department chairmen on some of the major BSA demands. From now on, provided the administration doesn't back down from the agreements, at least one black text will be used in each course (where possible), there will be a black studies department, and blacks will be able to fulfill one-half of their major requirements in black-related courses.

This doesn't end the dispute, however. Three blacks were expelled last fall for political activity and must be reinstated, there is the question of amnesty for the current demonstrators, and the white Students for Quality Education has a number of student-power demands. As we go to press, the white students are still considering their next move.

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465-9841

2451 N. LINCOLN
FRIENDLY ASA'S
PEPPERS?

a good hot dog is hard to find... & better than sex.

Once upon a time there was a Puerto Rican fighting gang called the Young Lords. Like other gangs in the early 60s, they drifted away from rumbling into social activities. Some guys had been hurt, some jailed, some had aged their way out of switchblades. Through the 60s the Young Lords threw parties and picnics for guys who were getting engaged or going into the service.

But around Christmas of last year the Young Lords began to feel the pressures that many others (particularly non-whites) were also starting to feel. Their first response was to collect food for poor families of all colors in the Armitage Avenue area, but by January they were trying to deal with the root causes of poverty and discrimination. Now the Young Lords Organization, they had been impelled into radical politics.

There is a man named Fat Larry. That is not his real name, just the name that people call him. As of late, people along Armitage Avenue have begun to call him by other names. You see, Fat Larry has a nasty habit. He waves machine guns at people who come into his office at 933 W. Armitage to complain about the apartments rented by the Bissell Real Estate Company. Fat Larry does not live in the Armitage Avenue community; he merely rents inferior apartments to people who do.

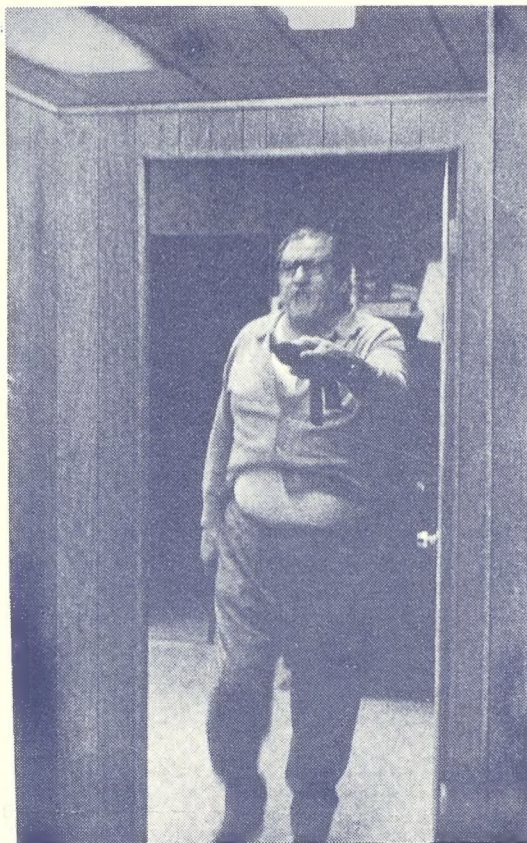
In late December, Fat Larry began to threaten people in the community. He showed his machine gun to the wife of one Young Lord and said that he would use it on anyone who told him how to run his business. He alluded to connections with the Syndicate. He tried to buy off the Young Lords with job offers and contributions to their Xmas project. He continued to rent shitty apartments.

The windows of the Bissell Real Estate Company have disappeared on three occasions. Windows of concerns owned by the Bissell Real Estate Company in the environs of Armitage and Halsted have also vanished. Even the hard plastic replacements have a way of falling apart in the late night cold.

What exactly has Fat Larry done to alienate the residents of the Armitage area? Calling old people and street musicians "fucking spics" during the summer probably didn't help. All the extra-neighborhood Italian window-inspectors cruising the neighborhood and parking across from Larry's office late at night have not endeared him to the community. But Fat Larry's major crime is speculation. He guts buildings and rents them for twice the price. In a low in-

come area like Armitage, this means the destruction of the community.

No man is an island, and Fat Larry is not alone. He spends a lot of time meeting with the managers of Romano Realty and Crown Realty, two other windowless 'gutters.' To date these realtors have not come up with machine guns. Instead they have Judge Napolitano coming to their meetings. No wonder some citizens break windows instead of filing lawsuits, no wonder some Puerto Ricans believe rumors about a plan to buy out all Latin-owned stores in the neighborhood.



FAT LARRY AND HIS GUN

Lest one conclude that Armitage Latins are paranoid, let us refer to the map entitled "City of Chicago, Department of Urban Renewal." An examination of this pretty pastel property plan discloses that most of the Armitage neighborhood falls into Area #34, the Federally Approved Construc-

tion Project known as Lincoln Park Project I. So far 882 families and 828 individuals have had their homes torn down, three times the total have been pushed out by renovation, and 305 businesses have been ousted. Study Area #49 is called Lincoln Pk. Phase II for good reason.

The major beneficiaries of the rape of the Webster-Clark-Halsted-Armitage-Howe sector obviously will not be the current Latin residents. They cannot afford the new rents, they have nowhere to wait while buildings are renovated, they cannot join the affluent society on the three months rent allotment provided by the Dept. of Urban Renewal. Nor will it be the clean-cut execs spotlighted in a recent Sun-Times article about the Near North Side. The major beneficiaries will be 'developers' like the Lincoln Park Federal Savings and Loan Association, 1946 West Irving Park. The L. P. F. S. & L. A. is owned by Kane Realty, and it is the Kanes and the Bissells and the Crowns and the Romanos and the Lazzaras and the Thrushes who are chewing the neighborhood to ribbons.

To those who decry 'nihilistic' behavior like window-breaking, let us examine what the system offers in the way of grievance machinery:

THE COMMUNITY CONSERVATION COUNCIL

The Community Conservation Council, 2020 N. Larabee, has little to do with either conservation or community. Of its nine board members, eight are middle-class white professionals. There are six vacancies on the board, vacancies for which the community chose three blacks and three Puerto Ricans last August. August was a difficult time for a great many people; the selectees have not yet been seated. Guess who approves board appointments to CCCs around the city--Hizzoner de Daley, he who has a stranglehold on the execution of Urban Renewal programs in Chicago.

The CCC votes on proposals submitted by George Stone. George Stone is the head of the area Urban Renewal program. He shows up whenever any of his proposals rankle the board. George Stone is a Daley intimate.

On January 21st a contingent of Latins attended a CCC meeting and asked some penetrating questions. It was decided that there was no quorum after Father Wangler left the podium. The board members probably accept stereotypes about non-whites: they should not have been surprised when

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Senator Charles Percy has ordered one dozen Mayor Daley Piggie Banks from Jolly Roger Grafix Studios. The City of Chicago has been harassing Jolly Roger via their efficient fire and electrical inspection departments.

You see, the Mayor Daley Piggie Bank is indeed a piggie bank. There is a slot in the top of the Mayor's plaster head through which you may drop your pennies and dimes, just like any other piggie bank.

City Hall is very upset. Jolly Roger even receives hate mail from the southwest side. He is also expecting a visit to his studio from the Chicago police department. Careful, Senator Percy, you may have ordered an illegal pig!

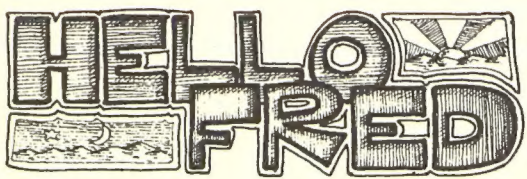
Mayor
Piggie Banks
available from
er at 1858
772-3667



Daley Pig-
are avail-
Jolly Rog-
N. Damen



1404 N. Wells
Chicago, Illinois • fashion inventions
the garment district



News: as important as vitamins. News is information, and information is what you need to survive. News is also groovy. It's nice to know what's going down around you. Do you get your minimum daily requirements of news every day? Not from the straight media, you don't. The straight media is like Tip-Top sliced white bread; all the healthy natural stuff is taken out and replaced with bleaches and preservatives so it looks whiter and stays on the shelf longer. Take a look at your daily paper and tv news. What do you find but a stale whitewash of what's happening. All the real national news is classified and never gets out, and all the movement news is glossed over, distorted, or ignored.

Those of you who have been reading underground newspapers (as opposed to just looking at the pictures and cartoons) have learned a lot from the stories put out by Liberation News Service. At last Chicago has its own movement news service, called FRED.

The first issue of FRED came out last week and it's chock-full of healthy nutritious news. GI resistance, black news, youth and student news, Free CTA movement... there's thirty-four pages of news, the kind of news no one would ever know of, if it weren't for good old FRED. You can see some of FRED's goodies by looking on page 8 at Chicago Roaches. And SEED will continue to bring FRED to you. Ooh, all that yummy news... KNOWLEDGE IS POWER... it tastes so good.

Fred, which calls itself a "Socialist News Service", needs subscribers, helpers, and funds. If you'd be into doing any of these things, contact FRED at 7642 North Paulina, Chicago, Illinois, 60626. Phone 761-1984.

Oh so good and good for you, too.

Mike Abrahams

cont from p 3

some 'fiery' Latins redesigned some furniture.
THE CITY COUNCIL

The City Council is known in some circles as the legislative burial ground. The same five or six members keep introducing humanistic bills which are then tabled, eviscerated, or defeated. The best hope for this body is that the Skolnick Report results in its being declared unconstitutional.

THE LPCA

Back on the local level, there is the Lincoln Park Conservation Association, which is the central body for five neighborhood committees and has its office right on the Lincoln-Fullerton-Halsted triangle. Area freaks will remember this group as the bunch that harassed the Hip Job Co-op out of existence. They are the patricians of the area. They are also appointed by Hizzoner.

LPCA's reputation in the Latin community centers about its rigged meetings and the occasional presence of an "alcaguete" (Uncle Tomas) on its board.

THE EDU 7 SCHOOL PLANNING COMMITTEE

The Board of Education, afraid that its plans for a 'new' Waller High might founder on the rocks of racial strife, established a school planning committee. A surprising thing happened at the Jan. 22nd meeting--despite the presence of at least five carloads of Eighteenth District and Area Six Task Force Officer Friendlies, a large number of blacks and Puerto Ricans showed up and elected their slates to committee positions. However, this may be a hollow victory. By the time (1971) the magnet school is completed, Puerto Ricans may have to be bused into the community.

Now, if you've managed to swim this far through our Sargasso Sea of corporate corruption, it's time to return to the Young Lords. It seems that Jose "Cha Cha" Jimenez of the Lords was elected Vice-Chairman of the magnet school project committee. Cha Cha has been organizing in the Puerto Rican community for quite a while.

ROCK & ROLL DOPE THE "WHITE LEFT" RESPONDS

Last issue, the Seed ran an article entitled "The White Left--Serious or Not?" by William Leach, a Black Panther from Detroit. Leach attacked the White Left--and especially the crazies of the White Panther Party and the now-vestigial Yippies--as not being serious about the revolution. John Sinclair, leader of the White Panthers, wrote a response in Detroit's Fifth Estate and the Seed, ever-eager to bring you the latest in revolutionary rhetoric, herewith presents a summary of Sinclair's remarks.

Sinclair begins his rap by pointing out that the Black Panther leadership has expressed its support of the White Panthers and similar groups on the white left. Sinclair cites the Panther-Yippie Pact, a statement released last fall by Jerry Rubin, Stew Albert, Abbie Hoffman and Eldridge Cleaver, and quotes Cleaver and Bobby Seale's calls for ties with the white crazies. However, he doesn't examine whether these were based on a real common ground or merely manipulative and/or alliances based on a common enemy.

Sinclair puts down the idea of getting into the factories to organize. He says that It doesn't make any sense to me to hear some dude talking about working in the factory in order to really organize people... We know all about the white working class, and the white lower middle class, because that's where we come from. That's why we are the way we are now--because we won't have anything to do with that bullshit.

He says that the people working in the factories are impossible to organize, because they're too far in to the machine consciousness to hear the voice of life. But he sees the White Panthers as important because we can talk to our brothers and sisters. They all know what we're talking about, because they haven't been committed to an oppressive, repressive life-style for thirty years. They're still fighting the system every day in their cells--they know it ain't supposed to be that way.

Sinclair's basic approach is that the White Panther style is the "proper" kind for life-seeking white dropout youth. Youth responds, he claims, to the myths created by the white crazies because those are the myths that fill their needs, and such myths say "fuck" to their already-dead parents and the workhouses of the society.

Mike Abrahams

During this time, he has incurred the wrath of, among others, Commander Braasch of the 18th District. Braasch let out one night that he wants "to see Cha Cha in the penitentiary," and that his police were so taken by the Young Lords that they would try to spend time with them--all the time--even if this coverage disrupts community events. Cha Cha was arrested on January 22nd on two warrants miraculously resurrected from 1966 and 1967, and incarcerated again on the 30th for some difficulty at the Wicker Park welfare center demonstrations and a "mob action" warrant signed by--George Stone.

What Braasch did not know was that the minister to whom he confessed his desire was the Reverend Bruce Johnson of the Armitage Avenue United Methodist Church, who has been active in the Latin community. Johnson and others decided that they should lighten the surveillance load of Braasch's men by visiting them on their own ground. On the eleventh of February the community went to 'its' community relations meeting.

About 300 citizens attended the regularly scheduled meeting. As meeting-time approached, the room became dotted with the purple berets that the Young Lords have taken to wearing. Signs appeared, signs like "City Law Does Not Permit Pigs in the Street" and "End the Violence." The mailing list bore entries like "E. Cleaver, 837 N. LaSalle St."

The meeting was chock full of irony. While the Latin, black, and white radicals adhered to Roberts' Rules, Braasch spent most of the time evading orderly-stated questions in an attempt to install the "regularly-scheduled" speaker. He relented only after the assembly voted three times to table the listed agenda.

"Commander Braasch, why were fourteen plainclothesmen at the Waller High School community meeting?"

"I do not know how many policemen were there, but they responded to information that there were young men with guns. Finding no weapons, they left."

Braasch sat fit to dissertate on "criminal activity" in response to Reverend Johnson's statement about his hopes for Jimenez and his threatening of the Young Lords. Proudhon would have gloated at the substantiation of his 'property is theft' thesis; here was a system functionary giving priority to broken windows instead of broken hearts, here was a real estate mercenary ignoring the criminality of uprooting an entire community.

Braasch continued to dodge questions ranging from "If the Elks had a meeting, would fourteen undercover police be sent?" to "Why hasn't the officer who killed McDaniels been investigated and indicted?" (McDaniels, a fifteen-year-old black, was shot at Orchard and Willow, ostensibly in the act of committing a burglary. The officers stated that he pulled a butcher knife and charged. The killing has aroused the wrath of the black community.) He had but one success; namely, turning people off. Some in the assemblage chanted "Talk, Talk, Talk" while others screamed "Cayete la boca!" (shut your mouth!); nearly all left when the Commander adopted the tactic of saying "out of order" to all questions concerning busting Fat Larry or the slayer-cop.

The current situation in the Armitage community is that a Third World Alliance has been formed between the Young Lords Organization and a group known as Black, Active, and Determined. A bail fund has been set up to cope with police harassment (Young Lords Bail Fund, 2512 Lincoln Ave., Chicago 60614). The Concerned Citizens of Lincoln Park, the only large neighborhood organization interested in community preservation, has stepped up support activities to the point where FBI men have been coming around to speak with the more vocal members. The Latin-American Defense Organization is totally committed to the cause of the Lords. A people's Army of Lincoln Park has announced its intention to halt urban renewal even if it has to destroy every bit of urban renewal equipment.

Arrayed against these groups are the usual demons: corrupt power, entrenched dollar and ego interests, and the 'progress for progress' sake' mentality that seems to characterize Urban Renewal in Chicago.

Abraham Peck, with
Mrs. L. Pardus



the seed

dinosaur culture

DALEY GETS THE CHAIR

Five years ago at the University of Iowa, we had a weekly open microphone program. It was called Soapbox Sound-off. The students at DePaul University began theirs on Friday. Thus the revolution spreadeth. The occasion was the student "protest" over the Richard J. Daley Lectureship in Municipal Government, a newly endowed chair which exposes the hideous connections between the business community, the slumlords, corporations, the Catholic Church and the Daley Dictatorship. Oh hum. That was last week's expose.

If the kids had their shit together they'd take the lectureship money and get municipal government lecturers like Jonathon Kozol on Education, Bobby Seale on Police, and Beaula Sanders on Welfare. But the students' real bitch is an increase in tuition. And it's not so much the money that grabs them, it's the fact that the administration didn't have to think twice before hiking it.

The blatant truth is that the students are powerless and politically impotent, and the administration was in poor taste to publicly expose them.

A liberal administrator ended the show by stating how healthy dialogue is. I yelled, "Exterminate all administrators!" He agreed. He was a liberal. Dialogue is good just as long as nothing results from it.

Mark Firstenberg

It's not that we have to look beyond the boundaries of the city of Chicago for examples of meretorious police behavior, but a recent case in DeKalb is important for its relationship to several trends currently going down in the state.

For the last week, long-hairs have issued forth with signs of relief over the planned reduction of first-offense grass penalties from two years to half that. Nobody has considered that judges will be less reluctant to put aside the current practice of assigning probation in favor of administering the new, 'reasonable' penalty. Then again, few people have paid any attention to the problem of avoiding arrest.

While local and state police join the FBI in paying west suburban junior high and high school kids 'five dollars a name,' hauling kids out of class to chastize them for alleged drug use, and searching lockers for material ranging from underground papers to uncleaned kilos, some students at Northern Illinois U had the chutzpah to set up a commune at 430 North First Street. The authorities, confronted with news of long-haired boys and girls living together, 'taking dope, and 'pushing' it to their fellow students, began to pay the house a great deal of attention. This should not have been a surprise, for DeKalb rests firmly in the heartland and Northern is a school where freaks sit along one wall in the student cafeteria.

But freaks are freaks are freaks, and don't care to maintain. Freaks are open and talk to people without knowing who they are (rapping is a groove). For three months, paid informers zipped in and out of 430 North First Street; on January 20th they attacked.

The bust followed familiar patterns. The DeKalb Journal, published by city attorney John Castle, ran the usual drivel about dirty hippies and alert cop work and the need to check serial numbers on stereo equipment to see if they had been stolen and how every right-thinking DeKalber should pray that the obviously (but still "allegedly") guilty pee-verts do not slip through the long arm of lawnmorder. They ran the current apologia--"No suspects were treated poorly."--although 26 people were forced to lie on the floor and people were pulled in off the sidewalk at gunpoint, in spite of one poor chick who is seven months pregnant having been harassed to the point where she went into labor and had contractions for an hour before the guards at the fetid Sycamore jail decided to find out what the hippies were were screaming about.

Typical horsshit common to Anywhere, USA and mild by comparison to what goes down in Ghetto, USA. Ten people were busted, nine for "knowing possession of dangerous drugs," the tenth for "possession of dangerous drugs."

The bust is nothing to goof on, but it's about time that we learned a few things about being cool and not rapping about what you're into. For God's sake, we should all learn not to keep shit on the premises (that's one thing that the Great Outdoors is for). We should also accept the possibility that the "beautiful thing" of eighteen people living and being together may not in itself be enough to overcome the bumper society lurking outside all our houses. We should dispense with naivete and righteous indignation (the article in the new "News From Nowhere" reads like the Seed just before the 'Festival of Life') and spend some time thinking about what can be done to change the scenario before toking down on that next joint.

It goes on every day. What will we do about it?

Abraham Peck

How do you bring "The Revolution" to the hinterland? How do you infuse the Alternate Society through the scales of the Dinosaur Culture?

Quincy, Illinois. The numbers game for Quincy is 45,000 just plain folks, two Birch chapters, a Klan coven and 1500 liberal, right-thinking, freedom-loving students whose sum dues to the 1960's has been a protest of a George Wallace campaign visit.

Driving south-west from Chicago, we're brought down over the Woodruff County Courthouse. Our machine is missing its front license plate. Bruce is kangarooed and fined, while Eliot and I tour the building. Woodruff County: "REGISTER COMMUNISTS, NOT GUNS" country, "OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW IS LIBERTY" land. The roster in the rotunda is headlined: "TO THESE BRAVE MEN WHO LEFT TO SERVE THE CAUSE OF PEACE AND FREEDOM." "Herbert Faggot (no lie!) we salute you."

Onto, into Quincy mid-America in the stifling comfort of the Mississippi's armpit. Into the meeting room to "hippie," "revolutionary," "dirty old man" murmur-murmur. The murmur magnifies to mobscram trying to blow the traveling freak-circus off the stage; the agitators reply with confrontation, judo, cajolery, attitudinal yahs-bossing, cursing and other weapons of the trade, pressing until cracks appear in the clear plastic shields holding the players in their boxes.

QUINCY

At last, an issue stains the school's unblemished record: "Why doesn't Dixie Creme cotton to black folk?" The agitators get aboard and ride for all it's worth through "so what" flak and "some of my best friends..." crossfire, and "I have to concentrate on making it before I can do anything" artillery; pushing forward, trying to reach the tunnel to visions of planet and possibility.

Up against the candy machine with four blacks and a few white radicals, aligned against the uncaring and the hostile. An hour of scraping away "we're all happy here" veneer, an hour of answering every question with "what are we going to do about Dixie Creme?"...then curfews.

"Go to your rooms!"

"Go to your rooms!"

"Go to your rooms!"

goading to create some sort of dynamism, something more than "you were great" or "do you believe in the violent overthrow of the government?" Nada. It was over; catharsis, reinforcement and a hustler's check under the Virgo moon. Better luck to you, Mort Sahl.

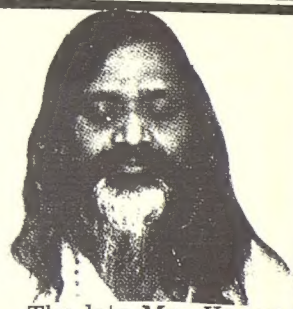
How can they be reached? How do they become more than Senior Scholastic mannequins once they've turned on? How do you bring "The Revolution" to the hinterland?

Mama, why do they die so young?

Abraham Peck

Gabby Hayes Bites The Dust

Well shucks, he was the greatest sidekick in the whole Yew-nited States, including Texas. Gabby Hayes just upped and kicked the ole bucket at 83. "If the youngsters didn't make a fuss over me I'd be awfully dissappointed," he was fond of saying. With Howdy Doody and now Gabby Hayes gone, only Kukla, Fran & Ollie now inhabit the Wednesday Afternoon TV Old Actors Home.



The late Mr. Hayes

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Tutti Frutti _____ ea.

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RAMPARTS FAILING

Ramparts magazine will fold within two months if publisher Fred Mitchell does not raise some \$400,000. Faced with financial and editorial crises, Mitchell has put the magazine into temporary bankruptcy in order to freeze its debts. Circulation continues to fall and gross inefficiencies have come to light: in a recent press run, one-third of the run (90,000 copies) went to waste. Trapped by its own preoccupation with the straight media as a means of promotion, and a commitment to an often lacking muckraking style, it is extremely unlikely that there will ever be another issue of Ramparts. (LNS)

MORE PORK PER CAPITA

A "priority" matter in Nixon's colonial administration of the Nation's Capitol is a 25 or 50 percent increase in the size of the Washington police force. Washington already has a higher pig per capita rate than any other city in the country. (LNS)

ANARCHISTS DEFY AUTHORITY, PROMOTE DISRESPECT FOR LAW

Caught still dumping polluted waste into the Calumet river, the Republic Steel Corporation has defied authorities to do anything about it. Republic has failed consistently to meet standards at its plant at 11600 Burley Ave. Pollution Surveillance Chief Robert Bowden said that Republic had "taken advantage of every chance to procrastinate." (FRED)

LOWER BRITAIN POT PENALTIES?

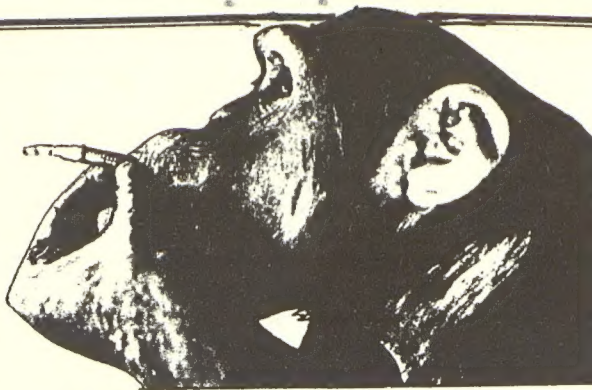
A government committee has urged the adoption of milder punishment for pot smokers, saying that "taking cannabis in moderation should be regarded as a relatively minor offense". The Advisory Committee on Drug Dependency has recommended a reduction in the maximum sentence for possession from twelve months imprisonment and 250 pounds fine to four months imprisonment or 100 pounds fine. Home Secretary Callaghan, however, is resisting the reform. (LNS)

WITCHES HEX THE CTA

The Chicago branch of Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell (WITCH) cast its official hex on the Chicago Transit Authority for raising its fares to keep its returns 8% higher than their gross revenues to pay off bond holders. Boarding the Lake Street elevated in appropriate WITCH garb, a group of 25 WITCHes rode to the Merchandise Mart, where the CTA has its main offices, the WITCHes ran howling and hexing into the main lobby, where a crowd of several hundred people gathered to watch their hex. Dancing in a circle, the WITCHes incanted their hex upon the CTA seven floors above.

Response of the crowd, many of whom were women, was excellent. The WITCHes made a daring escape by flying out the front doors of the Merchandise Mart. The police arrived and deeply regretted having missed the hex. They expressed their regret by following several WITCH cars and checking IDs. The WITCH disguises made it difficult for them to be identified, but it is rumored that one WITCH is known in Chicago as Hecuba.

The Merchandise Mart is owned by the Kennedy family. (FRED)



RAMPARTS

GRASS LAWS EASED

The Illinois House Judiciary Committee voted unanimously last week to lessen penalties for a first possession bust (5 gms or less) from two to one year. The action, which is of limited importance in view that most first offenders get probation, came at the same time as a bill calling for legalization.

WALKER REPORT REVISITED

The National Commission on Violence announced this week that the Liberty City (Miami) incidents during the G. O. P. Convention were the fault of the police. Surprise, surprise.

KING DEATH CONSPIRACY

Dr. Ralph Abernathy, head of SCLC, said that a conspiracy was behind the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King. "One man should not be made the scapegoat for this monstrous crime", Dr. Abernathy stated. "If a conspiracy exists, and I believe it does, it must be fully exposed". (LNS)

BLACK CONTRACT BUYERS SUE BANKS

The Contract Buyer's League, representing 1000 black contract buyers, has filed two suits in Chicago against 8 area banks, 13 savings and loans, and dozens of real estate firms, insurance companies, builders and individuals. These defendants are charged with using installment contracts to reap large and unjust profits from members of the black race through illegal means. The defendants are accused of violating federal civil-rights and anti-trust laws.

Under the contract buying system, the real estate operator does not route the house-purchasers loan through the mortgage process. Instead, the house belongs to the first owner (the real estate firm, for example) until the purchaser pays off the total cost plus interest. The purchaser, however, builds up no equity in the building, and if he misses even a single payment, he can be found in violation of the contract, whereupon he is evicted and loses everything he has paid so far. This system is used almost exclusively on black people.

The CBL has taken more immediate action than the federal suit, however. Since the first of December, about 400 of their members have withheld payments, depositing them instead in court pending disposition of the suit. (FRED)

GI'S PROTEST, CHARGED WITH MUTINY

Six young soldiers who held a sit-down strike at the Presidio Stockade (San Francisco) faced an Army court-martial today on the rare charge of mutiny. The six defendants are among 27 soldiers charged with mutiny for refusing to go to their work details last October. The GI's said they were protesting conditions at the stockade and the fatal shooting of an inmate by a guard. (FRED)

NAZI NAVY STILL LIVES

The Navy has christened a newly launched guided missile destroyer, the Rommell, after the crack Hitler Field Marshall. Rommell, known as the Desert Fox, committed suicide after his involvement in a plot to kill Hitler was discovered. (LNS)

CTA SOAK BACKFIRING

Since the subway-bus fare went to 40¢, passenger rides have declined by 15.3% while revenues have risen by only 10.9%. However, since the CTA's primary function is to pay off bondholders, the merry men who serve on the board are already talking of half-a-buck a shot and a 2¢/gallon gasoline tax.

Perhaps it was more than karma that a train was derailed the day after the increase?

PRIESTS CHARGED WITH CREATING NUISANCE IN CHURCH

Two Roman Catholic priests attempted to stage a demonstration to protest the indifference of their church to moral issues at St. John's Cathedral on January 27. The two priests, wearing their vestments, led about 30 members of Christians Who Care (CWC) into the cathedral shortly before a scheduled midnight mass.

Members of the CWC passed out leaflets condemning church policies, and the two priests--Fr. Robert Begin and Fr. Bernard Mayer--approached an altar in an attempt to say mass. Msgr. Francis W. Carney, who was scheduled to offer the mass, attempted to get the young priests to leave, and, when they refused, the police were called. Fr. Begin was escorted out by two policemen. Fr. Meyer sat down and had to be carried out.

Fr. Begin was quoted as saying, "We had to make our point known in a dramatic way...our church provides no alternative to bring up this matter." The priests were charged with creating a nuisance in the edifice of a church. (FRED)

CONTRACTS GAINED FOR BLACKS...

As a result of an Operation Breadbasket program, over \$400,000 in electrical contracts have been awarded to 4 black contractors by Metropolitan Structures, general contractor for Woodlawn Gardens, a construction program sponsored by the Woodlawn Organization. Breadbasket director Jesse Jackson stated that black consciousness, cooperation and unity "gave us the ability to negotiate the contracts with the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers." (FRED)

CDA TENANTS SUFFER

Jan. 22. Members of the Chicago Tenants Union (CTU) demonstrated in City Hall to protest conditions in buildings owned by the Chicago Tenants Association. Mrs. Minnie Dunlap, director of CTU, said, "When buildings are turned over to the CTA, this lets the landlords off the hook. We like the idea of buildings being turned over to the CTA if something is done to better living conditions but when nothing is done, only the landlord benefits." (FRED)

PLAY WITH ME!

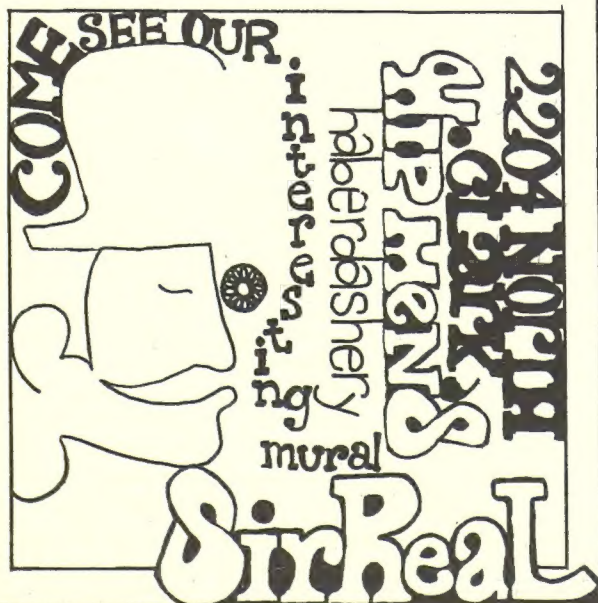
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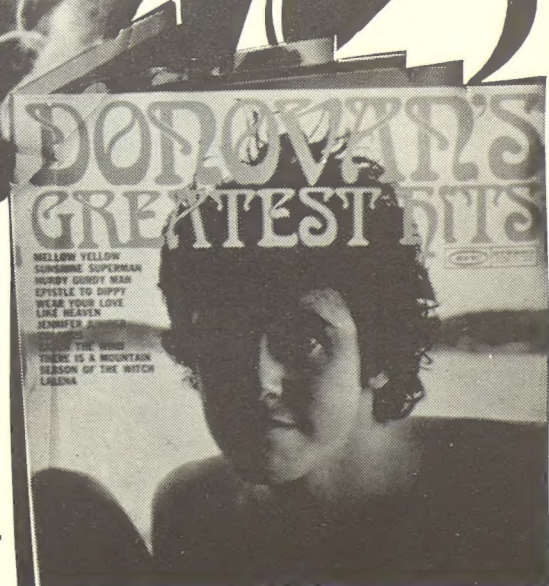
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On  Records



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SUZY Q's KAMPOS KLAUTER

ILLINOIS (FRED)--George L. Clements of Hinsdale was appointed as chairman of the Illinois State Board of Higher Education by Governor Ogilvie on January 23. The board is the chief policy making body for all state universities, colleges and junior colleges.

Mr. Clements dropped out of the University of Illinois after one year. He is currently the chief executive officer of the Jewel (Food Stores) Companies, Inc.

Clements has said that the housewife is his boss and he opposes all forms of government control. "The American housewife can do a better and more equitable job of price control than the Office of Price Stabilization," said the new chairman of the Illinois Board of Higher Education when he opposed the continuation of price controls after World War Two.

In order to prepare for his new assignment, Clements and his wife Ruth departed January 22 for a six week cruise in the South Pacific.

COLUMBIA (LNS)--Dozens of policemen recently patrolled 116th street, just west of the Columbia campus, to protect recruiters from the Armed Forces.

Students demonstrated one day which did not stop the recruiting, but generated discussion on the campus. The Executive Committee of the Faculty forced Acting President Andrew Cordier to order a study of Columbia's contracts with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA).

Now, the university's Committee on Externally-Funded Research and Instruction will examine the implications of a little known Federal statute that bars schools that prohibit military recruiting on their campuses from getting research grants from NASA.

There is widespread belief on the campus that Columbia's obligations to NASA have boxed in the administration on the issue of recruiting.

BERKELEY (LNS)--The Third World Liberation Front set up stationery picket lines blockading two key areas on the Berkeley campus on Tuesday, January 28. Students, though not actually prevented from going to classes, were forced to walk several hundred feet out of their way.

Several scuffles broke out. One student threw a tear gas grenade at the TWLF line, temporarily scattering demonstrators.

Later Tuesday afternoon, outside police were brought on campus for the first time in the strike, after some strikers ran through two classroom buildings breaking ashtrays, disrupting classes and setting off fire alarms. Police made no arrests.

On Wednesday, two large picket lines were broken up by about 30 police siphoned from neighboring communities.

The sight of police on campus at the noon hour infuriated many students who had previously ignored the strike. They followed the police around shouting "Pigs off campus," as strikers met to plan afternoon tactics.

Later that afternoon, about 500 strikers emerged from the meeting in a huge snaking picket line. They were joined by another 500 people outside. The line moved around and through several buildings, using disruptive tactics, always keeping one jump ahead of the undermanned police force.

There were 2000 people in the snake-line Thursday. The strike is now something real on the Berkeley campus, and current rumors have it that U.C. Chancellor Roger Heyns is soon to be replaced.

MIT (LNS)--Professors at MIT are planning a one-day research work stoppage on March 4 to protest the militarization of science.

A statement urging the gesture was signed by 47 professors, including several department heads. The impetus for a research strike came from a group of MIT graduate students who hope to get support for similar protests elsewhere.

SF STATE (LNS)--SF State strikers staged one last show of strength on the picketline Thursday, Jan 30 as the besieged campus prepared to slump into a one-week midsemester reprieve.

This rally defied a court injunction handed down Wednesday which put strick new limits on the number of pickets allowed in front of the school, and was obviously aimed at those ready to march on the campus for a new confrontation with Hayakawa's Army.

By noon Thursday, up to 500 police lined up around the edge of the campus on the main mall and in front of the library.

The only tense moments came when the group was marching off the picketline. A solid line of strikers strung across busy six-lane 19th Avenue and stopped in the street. Traffic became snarled. Somebody pulled a fire alarm and as the mounted police rode toward the crowd, fire engines screamed toward the intersection. The group was chased a few blocks and then disbanded.

The campus itself will be quiet for a week, but registration is sure to be a circus of computer sabotage and mill-in tactics. There are solid rumors here that Hayakawa will be replaced by a Negro Liberal.

YALE (LNS)--The faculty of Yale College has voted to withdraw academic credit from Yale's ROTC program, making it an extra-curricular activity.

A Pentagon spokesman saw this action as part of a trend, which, he told the Associated Press, is resulting in "an unfortunate chipping away" at the ROTC program which provides the military with a good percentage of its officers.

ATHENS (LNS)--Greece's military dictatorship has imposed a rigid code of conduct on university students.


The code imposes stringent penalties on students who show "disrespect" or participate in strikes or demonstrations. The code also permits action against students "not imbued with the spirit compatible with the established system."

HARVARD (LNS)--A Harvard University panel has recommended the establishment of a degree program in American Negro studies. The panel suggests that students be involved in selection of staff, but does not mention student autonomy or student control--the issues which black students at SF State, Brandeis and Swarthmore have been talking about for months.

Africa



Remember the Fifties? "Earth Angel"? The pure sound of early R&B? Kids huddled in doorways, singing tight harmony? Well, Africa remembered, too. And they wanted to know how it would sound '69 plug-in style.

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(based on the observations of Konrad Z. Lorenz as related in King Solomon's Ring)

The male builds a nest atop the water
he blows bubbles of air and spittle to the surface
what a nest! what a beautiful nest!
he radiates bright iridescent colors to attract her:
here! over here!

She, grey and cool, approaches
demurely adding stripes to her brown body

He trembles with excitement
fins expanded to the breaking point
here! here I am! come beneath the nest!

Timidly she comes

Oh, look at my colors!
join me in this dance!
he moves in a small circle about her
their colors become more glowing
their movements more frantic
the circles smaller until
their bodies TOUCH!

Suddenly he slings his body
tightly round hers
gently he turns her on her back
and quivering
ova and semen are simultaneously
discharged

She is benumbed
he has work to do

The eggs are sinking
they pass his downward directed head
and catch his attention

Releasing her,
he swims after the eggs
the eggs!
he turns upward and catches each
in his mouth

Swimming toward the surface
he spits the eggs into the nest
thoughtfully he has coated them
with his bouyant spittle
He must work fast
for if she gets to the eggs
she will devour them
for, too, these are fighting fish.

Marshall Rosenthal

U.C. History cont. from page 3

the sinners. Some pissed-off people became radicalized, but energy reached an all-time low. the fall of '67, when an SDS barricade of the Business building (designed to keep students out and a Dow recruiter in) was co-opted into a parking-lot picket line.

Realizing that no-one was up for demonstrating SDS et al spent time unearthing a huge quantity of U of C dirty laundry--e.g., IDA connections--and approached the Administration sans threats of disruption. Sure 'nuff a faculty committee was appointed, sure 'nuff the committee recommended that the University sever its ties. The reform came--trustees would serve on IDA as individuals rather than in their university capacity. Big deal; the same people filled the posts.

In the spring of '68, black students, angry after a year of dancing around with Dean of Students Charles O'Connell, took the Administration Building to call attention to their demand for increased black enrollment. They also demanded special tutoring for new applicants, since many of these would be victims of the inferior education given to ghetto-dwellers in Chicago.

The sixty black insurgents split the same day they began, and their demands were met with summary tokenism.

Many activists are condemning the current demonstration as lame or irrelevant to community issues. In defense of those sitting in, certain idiosyncracies of the U of C should be brought to light.

Firstly, the U of C has long lived up to its reputation as a place caught up in its own cerebral nature, a place where words serve as reality rather than as symbology.

Secondly, the Administration could tell Marcuse a few things about repressive tolerance. Levi et al are masters at 'meaningful communication' and talking issues into the ground. Every campus demonstration in the 1960s has been settled internally. Levi is far too smart to call in the Chi cops and radicalize the moderates unless some drastic, completely unexpected action takes place.

Third of all, the issues of Marlene Dixon and

cont. on p.20

The Flying Burrito Bros

KINETIC PLAYGROUND

February 19



revolutionary letters

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS NO. 4

Left to themselves people
grow their hair.
Left to themselves they
take off their shoes.
Left to themselves they make love
sleep easily
share blankets, dope & children
they are not lazy or afraid
they are not plants seeds, they smile, they
speak to one another. The word
coming into its own: touch of love
on the brain, the ear.

We return with the sea, the tides
We return as often as leaves, as numerous
as grass, gentle, insistent, we remember
the way,
our babes tott'le barefoot thru the cities of the universe

REVOLUTIONARY LETTER NO. 20
(for Huev Newton)

I will not rest
until men walk free & fearless on the earth
each doing in the manner of his blood
& tribe, peaceful in the free air
until all can seek, unhindered
the shape of their thought
no black cloud fear or guilt
between them & the sun, no babies burning
among men locked away, no paper world
to come between flesh & flesh in human
encounter.

Fill the young women
Come into their own,
Birthing strong sons
Loving &
Dancing

Will the young men can at last
 Most some of their sternness, return
 To young men's thoughts, till laughter
 Bounces off our hills & fills
 Our plains

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS NO. 21

Can you own land, can you own rights to other's labor, (stocks, or factories or money, loaned at interest) what about the yield of same, crops, autos airplanes dropping bombs, can you own real estate, so others pay you rent? to whom does the water belong, as it gets rarer? the American Indians say that a man can own no more than he can carry away on his horse.

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS NO. 12

the vortex of creation is the vortex of destruction
the vortex of artistic creation is the vortex of self-destruction
the vortex of political creation is the vortex of flesh destruction
flesh is in the fire, it curls and terribly warps
fat is in the fire, it drips and sizzling sings
bones are in the fire

points are in the line
they crack tellingly in
subtle hieroglyphs of oraclic
charcoal singed
the smell of your burning hair
for every revolutionary must at last will his own destruction
rooted as he is in the past he sets out to destroy

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS NO. 28

Oh my brothers
 busted for pot, for loving
 young beautiful brothers & sisters, for holding out hope
 in both hands to the Man, enraging him
 O my brothers, freaking out this moment
 this beautiful summer evening

in all the cages of America
while the sun goes down on this fabled & holy land
know that we have this land, we are filling its crevices
with caves and forests, its coastlines and holy places
with our mating flesh, with the fierce ray of our children
our numbers increasing
we are approaching your cells, to crush you loose
to march triumphant with you, crying out
Masireva across the Pacific

REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS NO. 32

[illegible]

relation, once they are not simply the daily acts of the which bring me rain, my bread, heat bring the herbs close enough to hunt, bird the children, I am lost. I simply the acts of sons, the acts of power, I am lost. I am to these many years, not killing a white man will bring back power, not killing all white men, but killing the white man in each of us. Killing the desire for bread, for gold, for champagne, family, which sends the people out of the sun and out of the trees to create a commodity for our pleasure, our claim

the smell of your burning hair

Life blood, show me
a city which does not consume the air and water
for miles around it, mononjo-daro was a blot
on the village culture of India, the cities of Egypt sucked
the life of millions, show me
an artifact of city which has the power
as flesh has power, as spirit of man
has power



Bullshit Revolution

The Bullshit Revolution is on every channel, tune in, drop one, and let them take you over.

Well, what have they dropped out of? Nothing. Everything they do is in opposition to the system, which means that they are captives of the system, they are about as free as prisoners who rattle their bars and write slogans on cell walls. Their whole time is spent in avoidance of things, landlords, cops, tax men, bills, warrants, girls who love them, anything, anything which would make them pause for a moment and evaluate their position. I'm not going to take a fucking job in a fucking office, they say, crumbling about in their despair, but what are they going to do? They crash their cars and burn their sleeves and look for dope and swallow any pill you leave around and vanish for weeks and reappear, as dreary and captive as ever. What is the answer? I don't know, except that there is something more to life than just saying no.

I know a group of people who are by their own evaluation, Drop Outs. Here is what they do. They run about avoiding warrants for traffic violations, they never have money for their rent, are always moving, leaving letters that cannot be forwarded, phone bills unpaid, pregnant girls, piles of dirty laundry, and boxes of junk which they ask you to keep until they get settled. They take a lot of uppers and let their lips flap blabitty blabitty, or they slouch around in a stuporous dope charm mixed with animosity and grins. They travel a lot in a limited circle and fall in love weekly, they let their hair grow and chop it off, they hardly read anything but sometimes go to movies or rock concerts where they sweat a lot and look at the teenyboppers. They come from upper middle class homes and had good minds which occasionally surface, they all have old rotten cars and a lot of anxiety.

If you want out of a repressive system, you have to pay a price, and one part of that price is to play it cool. If you refuse their dance, you better get out of their dance hall, or at least hide behind the curtains, because you don't survive long without cover. Castro didn't advertise his headquarters with banners. If we are the dropouts, the underground, or the revolutionaries, we should examine our methods. Just how underground are we, anyway? Look at us, we are fully visible, full of success, our leaders famous and published and photographed in funny funk clothing for the amusement of the great omnivorous masses, (you've seen Krasner's rat nest in Life and Abby Hoffman on TV in baby battle dress). Our styles are big business, our slogans sell cosmetics, our newspapers carry huge amounts of establishment advertising (LA's KMET "underground" radio station advertises Cadillacs to the tune of Canned Heat's "On the Road Again"), our movies are shown in theaters that charge three dollars to let us see films about revolution, we buy psychedelic clothes from department store quick quack fad boutiques and decorate our cars with expensive manufactured paste-ons.

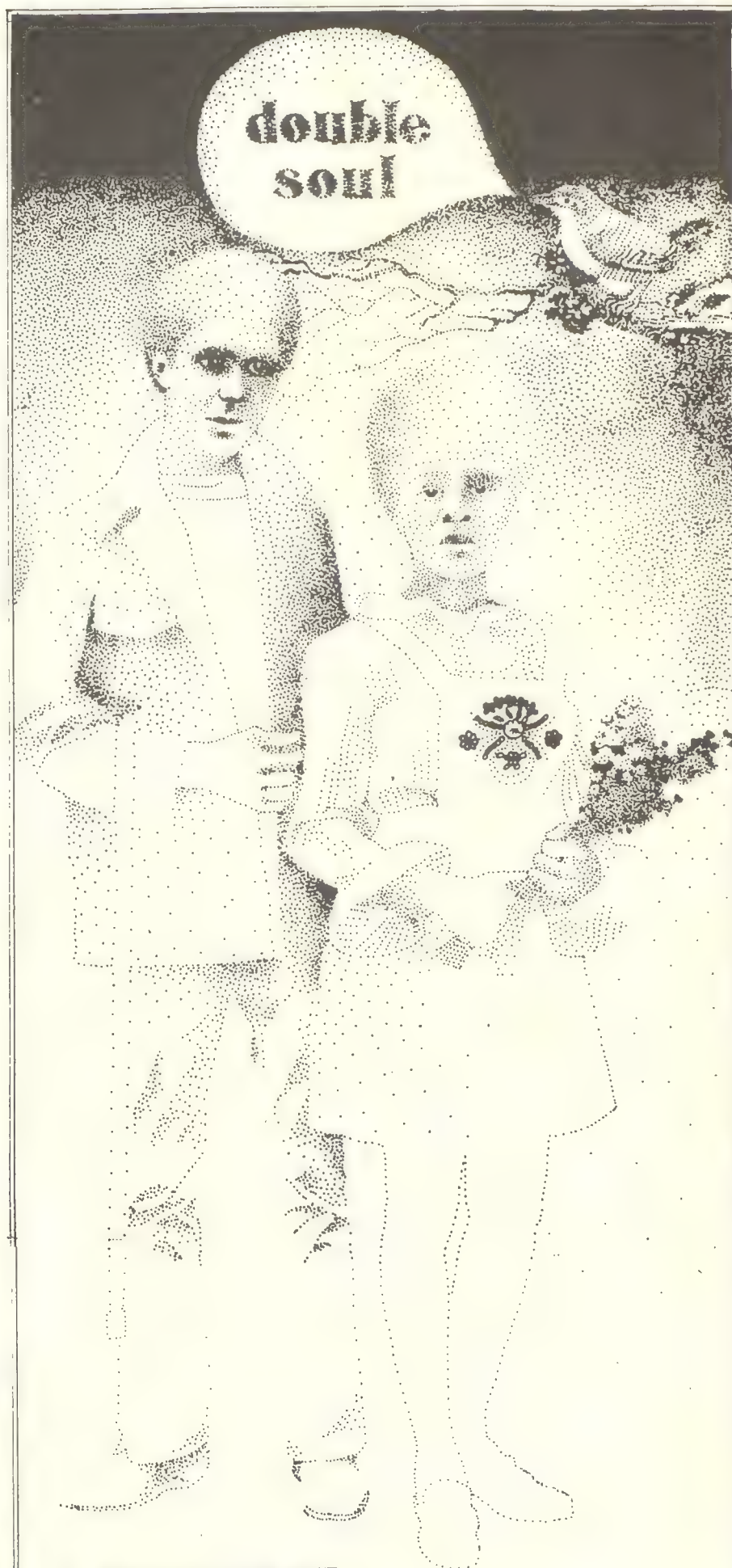
We are bullshit revolutionaries, that's what we are. We do our fighting in front of TV cameras, what kind of security is that for a revolutionary, your face on every channel? Look at the Panthers, in case no one would recognize them they wear a uniform! Bullshit, they are walking targets for every cop and rival Black Power gang that covets their fame! 'They' are helping us kill ourselves off! Who is going to be safe when every dumb fuck tells anyone who will listen that he has a houseful of guns? What kind of revolutionaries are we when we defeat ourselves by stupid disorganized demonstrations in the face of highly organized troops with mace and clubs and guns? We cry about our mutilated forces but do nothing to protect ourselves, that's not how you take over! Suppose they decide to fill those concentration camps? Who will be left outside, who is working quietly, steadily and organizedly? Look what has happened to the Black leadership: jail, exile, murder--is that a way to protect leaders?

I haven't gotten away from the point I started with, those friends of mine who "dropped out" are on the same sinking ship, doing the same public half-assed gestures of defiance. They are as uncool and self-victimizing as everyone else. It's advertising that has captured us, advertised revolution, advertised drop-outism. It is the Guise that has fucked us up, the Great American Guise that starts out with MY COUNTRY TIS OF THEE SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY and continues with dyes to make grey hair black and creams to make old skin young and names cars Mustang and Cheetah and crummy blocks of apartments Chateaus and last year put beads and peace ankhs on every instant hippie and this year will sell a billion western style shirts, that last year sold acid and this year sells THC and feeds you the latest political slogan with the seven o'clock news...Hi there, folks, tired of the same old We Shall Overcome? Try our bright new Free Huey or Black Power or Pigs Pigs Pigs.

What is the answer? Voltaire suggested that we cultivate our own garden. It's too late for that, we don't own our gardens anymore, the bank does, and wants cash, and we are told by the latest electronic age sage that it's all one Global Village anyway, so what now? Thinking might help, thinking instead of gobbling up everything that is spewed at us, the musak of our times is what's killing us. For most people Vietnam is geographically on the front page of the newspaper or TV set, so what's real? Biafra was last month, so what's new? Everything is dished out, it's one glorious 24 hour show, even the revolutions are sponsored, specials on revolution courtesy of your friendly computer monopoly, and on to detergents and here come de Beatles and here come de news and here come de late night war movie (or is that still the news?)

So my friends drop pills and years like there is nothing out here, drop their own minds like used kleenex, drop anything that might make them pause and think. Maybe I'm left over from another age, maybe this is the way it's going to be from now on, just a porridge of bodies and slogans and bombs. And when you read this, if you read this, if you haven't turned to the classified for your dose of sexual feelings and the front page for news of this week's voluntary victims to give you your little thrill of paper anarchy, and turned on the TV, and smoked another cigarette to keep your hands busy, what will you do? What will any of us do?

Liza Williams/LA Free Press



LP-12449

Exclusively on Imperial Records



Kittyhawk

Mad Mordecai

(From "I", the world's littlest little magazine, spurted forth by Mad Mordecai in the secret lair of the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria, Northern Illinois Cabal)

We have heard quite enough about "freedom" lately and right now we feel like washing out our ears every time the word is uttered. The American Right is a wild-eyed sect of paranoids who want to stomp out every trace of free expression—partly to exorcise that demon called Obscenity, but also to protect "freedom". The liberal center so-called, is a blind, bloody and brutal war machine, probably owned by the Eastern banking interests, which empties our pockets with taxes and steals our children by Selective Slavery—to defend "freedom". And the Left is a gang of bush-league Marats and tin-horn Mussolinis whose greatest desire is to form another dreary and oppressive Marxist penal colony—which they call "freedom".

"Freedom" has become a sound that stinks in the nostrils of the semantically aware. We don't want no more of your "freedom", you power-freaks. Is that clear enough or shall we make it even clearer? We want you to get off our backs and get your totalitarian asses out of this space-time continuum and go off to the Pink Dimension or the Purple Galaxy and inflict your mouldy old ideologies on mineral-people, rock-people, silicone-people or some other species that isn't made of protoplasm and doesn't bleed when you stomp on it "for its own good." Dig?

And this is not a "moral condemnation." Morality is your bag, not ours. We know where it comes from, and we are perfectly aware that morality and brutality are the same thing (Morality is just the trade name of the firm.) No, we don't say it's immoral that you stomp on us (and on one another). We just say that it's unesthetic, and annoying, and in this nuclear age increasingly frightening, and, above all, a real bring-down bore. We have seen this schmucky routine 22 times already in Toynbee's Thud and Clump Theatre, and we don't wanna be Number 23, because 23 will be Skidoo for all of us.

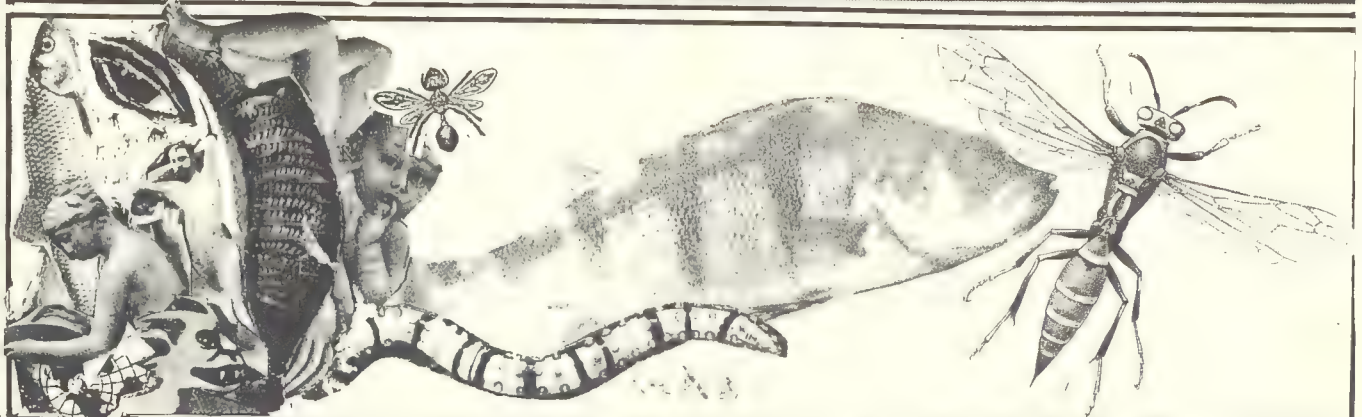
Hail Eris. All hail Discordia

HOW YOU FEEL, HUMANS?

dwindling through a subway tube,
pressed against county jail window screens,
eyes down, forehead on crossed arms
brenda's garter artifact
superposition of lingam and yoni
(in the same space coexist
without destroying one another)
thighs of sand, snow, stone, sensual
mannequins abstract in isolation
still undeniably human.
Roslyn Evan Jerry Joseph
Judy Linn Dan Aaron
Peter Mort Burton Barry
Gary Barbara Doug Fred
Neil Jay Steff moving as you

Master photographs to gather
LIVE FROM CHICAGO 501 North Clark
through February
Great Mother Ship, Sundays

--C. Edel



Spirit

*Available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges and 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape



Rising up from the Ancient Topanga Canyon Ergot Fields,
Spirit presents its second album: "The Family That Plays Together."

SPIRIT. A musical being. On ODE Records

Distributed by CBS Records/CBS, Inc., 51 West 52 Street, New York City
Produced by Lou Adler



MARATHON CONTINUES *Cont. from P. 3*

This was the school where the first chain reaction was produced in the world's first atomic reactor. This is a school that still holds numerous armed service, NASA, and Atomic Energy Commission contracts. This is a landlord that exacts high rents from its students and the blacks who live in buildings subject to the every whim of University expansion. This is a University that thinks commitment to social welfare in the surrounding Woodlawn ghetto means giving the Blackstone Rangers a three-hour radio show every Monday on the campus station. This is a University with a board of trustees founded and headed by the Rockefeller family. This is a school that specializes in manufacturing replacement parts for the power structure, which may account for the "When better revolutions are made, Chicago (or Columbia or Harvard) students will make them" statements that occasionally slip out at mass meetings.

Anyway, on January 29th those who had come to grips with these facts trooped off and closed down the Administration Building. Some were affiliated with the Committee of 85 that had demanded Mrs. Dixon's reinstatement, some were SDS and other radical types, some were just students for action and change. They announced that they would hold the building until the University acceded to the four demands of re-hiring, giving students a voice in faculty selection, paying school employees vacated by the strike, and--everyone's favorite--amnesty. As more politicians moved in, community demands replaced student power planks. However, the Black Students Union decided that it wasn't their fight and refused to support the entire action.

During the last fortnight, the strikers have survived attacks from jocks, neo-Nazi Minutemen, the Chicago Tribune, and Howard Miller. Hizzoner de Mayor told newsmen at a press conference that he would never let anyone take over his office (now there's a project), and said that student selection of their teachers "would be like you men selecting your own city editor or your own publisher." Crusading Congressman Roman ("the barbarians are at the gates, so let's all be paranoid for a better America") Pucinski hinted that

Old America's foremost public enemy, Mr. O. Agitator, was doing his thing at the school and issued his 4,390th call for a Justice Department investigation of something. Howie Machtiger, an SDSer demonstration energy center who earned an Oak Leaf Cluster at Columbia last April, learned that his local board had reclassified him 1-A as a result of his suspension. Radical historian Staughton Lynd has addressed the strikers on several occasions, but so far has missed the point that this demonstration has the historical significance of being the first college protest to function under police protection. Nearly 100 students have been bounced.

Perhaps the most interesting manifestation of radical sentiment to arise out of the U of C is Chickenshit. The Chickenshits are a band of guerrilla theater-activists who got together in the Administration Building on the first day of the sit-in. Born of fear (most of them had been suspended two years ago and were known to the Administration), they banded together to make short, creative actions that would at the same time result in reactions short of expulsion--hence the name Chickenshit.

They have engaged in such actions as: running around with signs on their backs saying "I'm a kangaroo and even I'm disgusted" while one of their number read relevant passages from Catch 22; following disciplinary committee members to executive sessions, to the bathroom, to their homes; walking through the lunchrooms chanting "Work, Study, Get Ahead, Kill--each according to his ability," paying a visit to the elite Quadrangle Club to accompany the Deans' raps with horns and kazoes; and groveling their way out of a dean's office after their request for his Rand Corporation files was met with a firm no. Given the reality of the U of C demonstrations, Chickenshit may be the most realistic organization on campus.

To get back to the meeting, the primary issue was whether or not to continue the occupation. One speaker told of how depressing it was to stay inside, others remarked that the building had become meaningless, that the strike had been smothered by student apathy and Administration pater-

nalism, and that tactics had to remain flexible. A cynic recalled that of the 150 or so people who had voted to stay at the last balloting, only about 20 actually had remained; a revolutionist pronounced that the NLF is more interested in winning than in real estate. The 'ayes' said that leaving would be an admission of defeat, that the building was a good base of operations (complete with mimeos), and that they wanted to stay just for the sheer stubbornness of it. The leadership (you could spot them with no sweat; they sat on top of the filing cabinets and never applauded) took this position. A proposal to split in 24 hours was defeated by about 60 to 40.

Perhaps the best analysis of the sit-in was made by the student who's quote opens this article. The real victors of the University of Chicago action are the liberals. The radicals busted their asses, took a building, were hassled, and face disciplinary action, yet the net result will be nothing more than a mass of reforms leading to "greater student participation" and legitimization of the status quo ante bellum.

Indicative of the strange nature of the occupation is the 'secret file' issue. A lot of the dirt about Columbia was taken from Kirk's office during that strike; here the mere removal of alphabetizing cardboards set off wide-scale discussion of tactics and rights. Now, in the Administration Building there is a load of papers documenting the connections between the U of C and defense and slum interests. The opening and/or burning of these papers, while illegal, could cause a serious split in the power structure of the University. You see, power, all power, rests with the Administration, which wants to keep the situation cool for the own PR purposes and to satisfy the Trustees. The Administration has kept the leash on senior faculty members who, if they had their way, would summon the cops and boot the kids (note: liberal faculty have proved either morally bankrupt or powerless). Were the files to be disposed of--or the lines in the basement that connect to the University computer system be dealt with a la St. Stephen's College in Montreal--the Administration might flip into radicalizing the dormant majority of students.

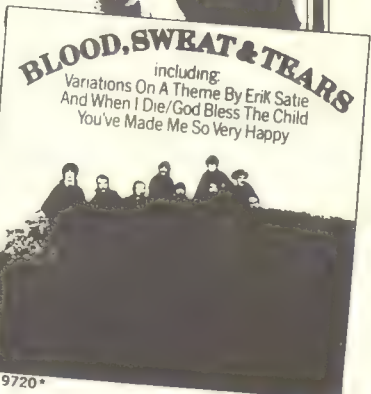
Cont. on P. 17

Blood, Sweat and Tears



Blood, Sweat and Tears keep good company. Hear Erik Satie, Steve Winwood, Laura Nyro, and Billie Holiday played with pure rock power in a big brass band. "Blood, Sweat and Tears"...not black, but blue and beautiful.

"Blood, Sweat and Tears is a truly unique group. It combines extraordinary rock power with first-class musicianship." Mike Zwerin, *Eye Magazine*
"The best rock group in America today." Mike Jahn, *New York Times*



On Columbia Records and Tapes

*Available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridges and 4-track reel-to-reel stereo tape.

cont. from page 2 - RUBIN & THE JETS
Empire. If all we want to do is tear it apart, then large-scale polarization and confrontation designed to hasten the garrison state are where it's at (just like in the German 30s). If we merely wish to follow a rush and drag America back to a Hobbsian state of nature, then I have to try and reconcile the 'Revolution' with the hospital that saved my ass last week. We have to be willing to cease playing the 'crazy game' and try and develop a way to mutate this country into a nation whose power can be used for the betterment of all its people (not just the plutocratic motherfuckers who now reap the bounty) and the people of the world. And, at the same time that we're effecting massive secular change, we have to be constantly engaged in molding ourselves and others into New Men and New Women. As the Living Theater says, there are millions of people who live in a state of emergency and don't know it." We have to create a sentiment for popular revolution and a society based on openness and creativity. The students and the workers of France almost made it; here the six o'clock news would carry the wrap-up of the morning's revolution complete with photos of berserk factory help ripping into heroic guerillas who couldn't even overthrow themselves.

It's time to break the chains of our own rhetoric, re-establish priorities, and begin to work toward popular upheaval. To do that, we have to figure out who we are as individuals, as brothers and sisters, and an "outlaw waste products" of a sterile system. We have to dump Victorianism, excessive ego, and other hangups. We have to stay mentally and physically healthy. To paraphrase the record company ads, we have to know who our friends are and how to work with them.

We have to figure out what our situation is before we establish goals. Marcuse says that a technological society imparts a "system of domination." We have to figure out how to cope with that control without becoming Luddites.

We have to establish goals that are meaningful to a revolutionary position, yet which are in accord with basic, wide-spread, and realistic interests. We should check to see that our anti-whatever rhetoric doesn't paralyze us (I'm more concerned with clean air than I am about a 'correct' position. We can show the connections between the evil and the established order as we proceed.).

We have to learn packaging. We should always be honest with a brother or a sister, but we've got to show outsiders a blank or--if possible--something downright attractive to them. Straights are paranoid, and we have to turn them on rather than off. More could be done if we learned to shuck-and-jive with controversial issues like sex, dope, and the violent overthrow of the government. We shouldn't forget to use the gross-out, humor, passion, and states of consciousness unknown to the rigid potential convert to blow his mind and then fill it with new values. If we have to fight, let's use psychic as well as physical judo.

We can change the society's mythology so that Hip Pocrates supercedes Ann Landers and the Columbia Communnard replaces John Wayne as a symbol of virility (but taking care not to let our new idols drag us in over our heads--like into premature revolution), we'll be much closer to a society in accord with co-operative values like trust and brotherly love.

We have to be aware of energy. We should try to use outside resources (legal, financial, etc.) without becoming dependent on them. We should spend some time on issues with immediate yields in recognition of the demands of 'nowism.' The day will come when we won't be able to rip off the straight world; we have to begin to apportion our strength and co-ordinate our projects (and Jer, to openly speak to them our their destruction will only hasten that day, will only lead to more conspiracy indictments).

Similarly, we have to pick our projects in accord with our abilities and desires. We should know what we're all into, but not if we're going to blab about each others trips or work on twenty projects at the same time. Margarine spreads itself thin; we're the butter in a world of guns.

And we have to watch our backs. We have to make sure that our concern with projection doesn't erase what the message is. We have to remember that attempts to change the world make some people very, very unhappy, yet we have to understand that those people have been making other people even happier for centuries.

Jer, I'm as tired as you are and it's as hard to answer my nineteen-year-old convicted felon nephew as it is for you to answer twenty-one-year-old brother Gilbert. And it's an even bigger drag to criticize a brother. But you know that we just have to keep on. you know that I'm writing to all those people out there in newspaperland (and to myself) as much as I am to you. Don't worry about your indictments; there are a lot of Movement magicians who can make you disappear. Just survive.

See you at the barricades,
Abe

MARATHON CONTINUES - cont. from P. 16

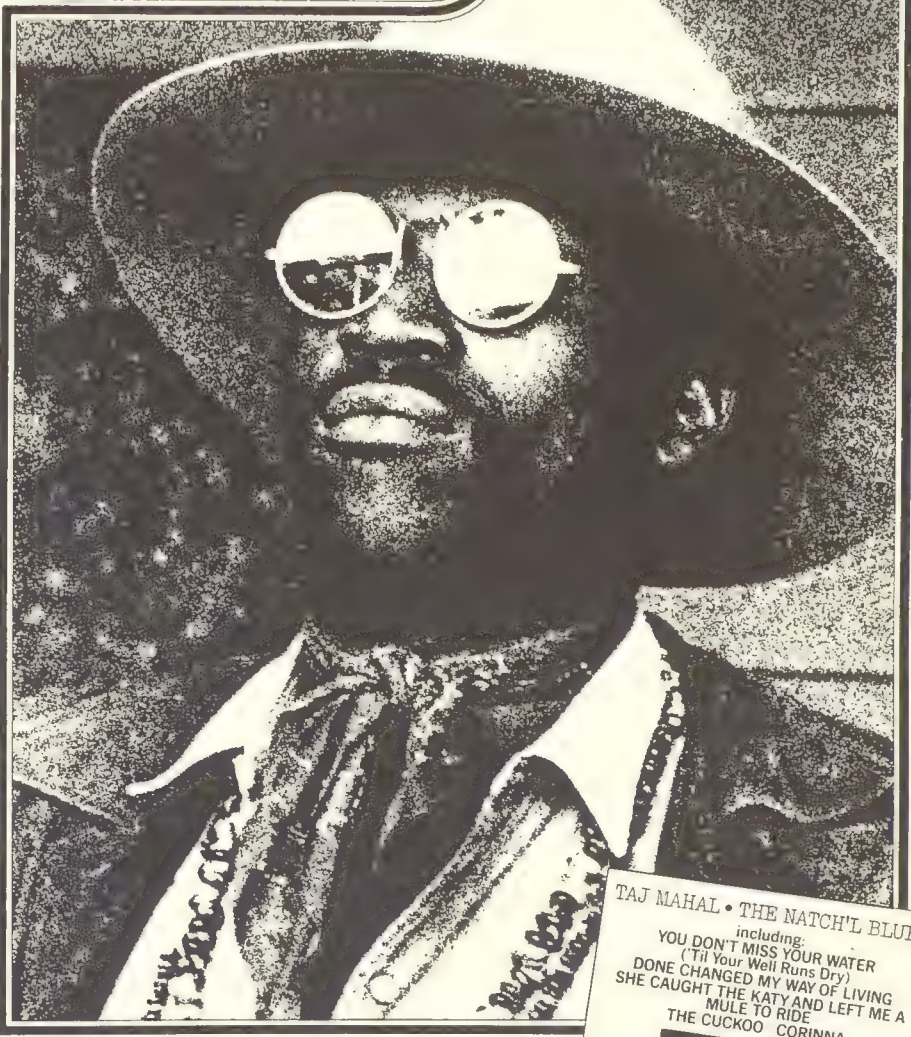
However, the odds are infinitely high that this will remain an imaginary threat. In twenty years the students at the U of C will be running the country. Even the sit-ins have shown a veneration for property and an almost maniacal unwillingness to offend (e.g. no dope, no organized resistance to guided tours by campus security people, no class disruptions). Members of an elite always act like members of an elite.

In the final analysis, this is what is happening at the U of C. With few exceptions, even the radicals believe in the preservation of the university and the intellectual establishment without realizing that the university-as-is and the intellectual establishment sans morality are what imperialism and exploitation are about.

Firstenberg, Peck, Rosenfeld

* * * * *
And, as we go to press, the news that the demonstrators have voted three to one to vacate the building on St. Valentine's Day in favor of a petitioning campaign wafts its way through the tear gas of Madison, Duke, and Berkeley.
* * * * *

Taj Mahal



He never learned the blues.
Just lived them. His blues are simple.
Naked. Beautiful.
Taj Mahal's latest album is
"The Natch'l Blues!"

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FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

LAST OF A SERIES OF COLUMNS BY JULIUS LESTER

Reprinted from the Guardian, radical news weekly

One of the most difficult responsibilities of the revolutionary is to be self-critical. To be self-critical means being able to ask yourself if you are wrong and if so, to admit the fact and correct it. Revolutionary self-criticism also involves the necessity to see mistakes before they actually happen, and thus avoid them. However, to engage in self-criticism affords no guarantee that errors will be avoided or corrected. Self-criticism can lead to its own mistakes. The only thing the revolutionary knows for sure is that poverty, exploitation in all of its infinite varieties and racism must be destroyed. It is the question of "how" which involves the revolutionary and the concomitant responsibility to be self-critical.

The movement has reached an important plateau where the question of "how" echoes through every meeting, rally, demonstration and conversation. And it is to the long-range answer to that question that attention must now be turned. To say armed struggle is to say little except the obvious. Armed struggle is the tracks upon which the revolution must travel. But what the design of the train will be, how many cars it should be composed of, and exactly what fuel the train will use are some of the questions which must be answered.

For somewhat more than a year, this column has appeared in the Guardian and other newspapers around the country. During that time it has sought to raise questions, answer questions and present the viewpoint of one black individual involved in the revolutionary process. More often than not, these columns have reflected the thinking of a poet rather than a theoretician, which is not to denigrate whatever value the columns may have had, but simply to define them and to understand what their function has been.

When this column began, it tried to speak to the asked and unasked questions in people's minds. A year and some months later, new questions face us. Those questions must and will be answered by the movement. Whatever role this writer may be able to play in the search toward the right answers cannot be fulfilled at the present time if the necessity to write a column each and every week continues. This is not a sudden decision, but one reached after some three months of intense questioning. How long this column will be absent from these pages is uncertain. Perhaps it will never return.

There is much that we don't know. In fact, our ignorance is greater than our knowledge, which means that there is much study to be done and much work. Just as the revolutionary artists and writers of Cuba and China find it necessary to go to the fields and factories to work and live, this writer finds that he can best fulfill his responsibilities at the present time by working in the fields to combat his own ignorance in each of its manifestations.

It is not without great reluctance and sadness that this decision has been reached. Perhaps self-criticism in this instance led to the wrong decision. If so, the necessary correction will be made. Some have inquired if it wouldn't be possible for the columns which have appeared here to be published as a book. That is being done; a book of these columns will appear in late spring of this year.

The writer of a weekly column, if he aspires to be a revolutionary, is soon faced with the overwhelming problem of trying to say something relevant and meaningful each and every week. This is the revolutionary's responsibility--to make every word and every act, political and personal, fraught with meaning, meaning which will further the revolutionary process. Such a responsibility is almost too much for any single individual. Yet it is the responsibility each of us has.

At the same time, a writer may find himself faced with the problem of people responding so completely to what he writes that they look upon him as an oracle, a symbol, a model. This is, perhaps, unavoidable but it places upon that writer an even more immense responsibility. If what he says affects people to some degree, he in turn becomes partially responsible for those people. The writer cannot turn from that responsibility. Neither can he mistake the people's bestowing of this responsibility upon him as a means of self-aggrandizement. The only result of this will be an ego-trip into increasing irrelevance.

In attempting to shoulder his responsibility, the writer must always be aware of when he has something to say and when he doesn't. The greatest danger comes when he has nothing to say, but continues to speak because it is expected of him. But the words that are not written are as much, if not more, a part of writing than the words which are written. (Continued next column)

The revolution proceeds not by steps of a league at a time, but slowly, painfully slowly, and its steps are often so small as to be unnoticeable. The revolution proceeds not by speeches at the barricades, but from one person to another person in conversation and in work. The revolution proceeds not at the pace of our desires, but by its own laws. To break down the old and build the new is not a task accomplished in one generation or several, or by one individual more than another. It is accomplished only when each feels as responsible for the other as he does for himself and acts in accordance with that responsibility.

We have reached a plateau. Some have started the excruciating climb to the next. Others have need of new supplies and new materials before they can begin the journey to the next plateau. The face of the mountain is rough and complex and, in many places, totally unknown. Each has a job to do and each has to prepare.

So be it.

PANTHERS vs US IN LA

Two recent incidents in Los Angeles have escalated the tension between the Black Panther Party and Ron Karenga's US organization.

On Jan. 28, seven members of US physically assaulted a Panther Party news vendor and stole his papers. The newspapers were printed immediately after the slaying of two Panther Party members on the UCLA campus, and contained articles which accused Ron Karenga of being responsible for those slayings.

On Feb. 3 at the LA County Courthouse, two Black Panthers were confronted by at least 10 members of US who told the Panthers: "We don't want any more criticism of our leaders. We're going to kill you and you're going to get a whole bunch of Panthers killed."

The confrontation went no further. It is not known whether it was the presence of the press, or the small army of Panthers who were brought in from Oakland which caused US to change its plans. (LA Free Press)

ROCKIN' BOOK REVIEWS

Richard Goldstein's *The Poetry of Rock*, New York, Bantam Books, 1969.

A long time ago there was a kid named Richie who went to Hunter College in New York and sat in surreptitious, smoky circles behind the library. Then he went off to the Columbia School of Journalism, to emerge a year later as a flashy iconoclast of (rock) criticism for the Village Voice. *Drugs on Campus*, talk with Bantam Books of a quarterly review of the new fiction, murmurs about doing the definitive book on the Revolution.

There are a few differences between *The Poetry of Rock* and *Outlaw Blues*. Goldstein's book has his profile (lookie, lookie, a genuine freak) and his name above the title. Williams' cover has a picture of a guitar. Goldstein writes about 'you,' Williams constantly talks about 'us.' Both books are histories, but Goldstein's, which consists of the words to seventy-one songs surrounded by some catchy, kitschy, riffs, is rock-as-document (or book-as-hustle) while Williams has penned criticism so organic that it becomes history in its own right (his "Crawdaddy" partner, Richard Meltzer, would probably make allusions to Seneca, Livy and Tacitus; I'll say that it's really fine work). As Eliot brings out, the book is not a flawless opus, but neither is the music that it discusses, and Williams would rather side with its naturalness than shoot for some artificial perfection. Perhaps the difference is that Williams talks through print while snazzy, classy Richie can only 'write' despite his obvious skill as a word-smith.

I don't want to climb all over Richie. His last columns in the Voice on the Death of Rock were outstanding, he balanced both pen and sword during the Lincoln Park Festival of Life. If you want to know what's wrong with *The Poetry of Rock*, read this issue's Wheels of Jive and lament the fate of good people who have to produce by the numbers because they signed something called a contract.

Abraham Peck

Paul Williams, *Outlaw Blues, A Book of Rock Music*, New York, E.P. Dutton & Company, 1969.

If you haven't read Paul Williams' "Crawdaddy" columns collected here, then by all means get this book. Paul is a literate and insightful writer who manages to retain a gut feeling for rock without warbling off into indecipherable word-trips which try to sing prose rather than write music. He manages to transmit expertise without appearing blase or omnipotent. He never carps, and rarely gushes. He analyzes (notice I didn't say criticize) only things he likes. Since deep understanding is more attainable with things you really enjoy (you did what you dig), this frees the lines of communication from grudges, peevs, and hatchet-jobs.

The only fault I can really find with the content is its lack of organization. Again, maybe it's just a failure of expectations, but I had hoped that someone on top of the whole scene would be able to get together a coherent statement about the growth of rock, the world of rock, or something more general than just a half-dozen-or-so groups and performers. He does attempt an ambitious final chapter on "How Rock Communicates," but at last, the formula fails. In trying to take a step back for perspective, he also retreats from the direct rapport that he establishes so admirably in the rest of his writing.

It's apparent that Williams senses this distance as well; the chapter is riddled with parenthetical asides designed to plug you into his trip. His failure here is really no shame; it's difficult, very difficult, to communicate consciously on paper, in black and white, using the 26-letter alphabet, the visceral sensation that constitutes Rock's appeal. Difficult that is, if you don't want to write in TimeMag glib or Crawdaddy purple.

What does come across in the book is a sort of seminar in 'possible lines of musical analysis.' *Outlaw Blues* blends literary, historical, musicological and perceptual flashes from one of the clearer musical heads listening to rock today.

Eliot Wald

TERRY RILEY'S "IN C" IS ONE OF THE DEFINITIVE MASTERPIECES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. TRANSPARENT DROPS OF SOUND / TRAILING MIRRORS AND STORM CLOUDS / STREAM ACROSS THE SENSES / THE HEARER IS THROWN INTO A KIND OF TRANCE AND AT THE SAME TIME IS MADE INFINITELY WASHING AWAY CERTAIN CLINGING FRAGMENTS OF NIGHT / WHICH DRIFT PAST A SMUG KALI-SELF MORE ALERT THAN EVER BEFORE TO WHAT SOUND IS ALL ABOUT. * CROUCHING TOO NEAR THE EDGE OF SANITY **



MS 7176

TERRY RILEY "IN C"
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

* Alfred Frankenstein, writing in HIGH FIDELITY magazine

** Sariga Mapadhani, as he was led away by asylum attendants



"The Family That Plays Together", Spirit (Columbia, Z12 44014)

Some months ago I wrote a short piece on a new group called "Spirit". The piece really didn't say much (how come it's almost impossible to enjoy one's old writing? ...yesterday's papers...) except that I liked the group. Many dozen new releases later, I think I finally realize why I dug the album so much. It was, and remains, one of the freshest, most pleasant and least pretentious of records released during a period when the prevailing trend seems to be shock-value, raw power and gimmickry---pleasing music made by a group engrossed in the pleasantry of making it.

Well, now Spirit's second album is out, and is titled appropriately "The Family That Plays Together". Appropriately, because Spirit ALWAYS plays together, and their personal warm vibes make it sound like a family endeavor.

Yet, I have a feeling that something is missing from, or perhaps added to this album. A kind of subtle pressure seems evident here; possibly the pressure to produce another album on schedule, or maybe the pressure to get up there with the "heavies", where the fame and money lie.

I'm not accusing the group of being either fame- or money-hungry, but with the skyrocketing marketing potential of Rock in this time of teeny-adoration and faddish spurts of popularity on the strength of one album that catches the fancy of the record-buying hordes, it must be extremely hard to resist this lure when the performers get into the studio and consider the idea that if this album does not inflame the genitals of the 14 to 17 year old public, it may mean scuffling for bookings rather than top billing at the major Rock palaces.

The album suffers from pattern-itis. It conforms all too well to the tried and true formula of heavy searing lead guitar, smashing rock drumming and the whole Rock format as presented about three times a week by the recording companies.

Take Randy California, for instance. He's an excellent guitarist; smooth, fast and tasteful. When he cranks up on this album though, he sounds like he's pressing for dazzle, for flash, much more so than his mellow jazzy work on the first album would seem to indicate is necessary for him to be appreciated.

Ed Cassidy, the drummer, is another case in point. Cass has an amazingly diverse background in his almost 20-year career in music. He's played everything from Big Band to Polka to Jazz, and finally, to Rock. He's a highly competent professional. But as a hard-rock thumper in the tradition of Ginger Baker, he comes up less than adequate. At times, especially during impassioned solos, far less.

The music of Spirit is still inventive and easy to relate, but the flow, the easy naturalness that characterized their initial effort is gone; replaced by the screaming crescendo that is already far to common to make up for the loss of ease.

The least that Spirit deserves at this point is instant fame. May they thrive and prosper.

ELIOT WALD



While sitting supposed to do my work, I write the Now which already has passed into a few seconds ago. Time runs out of my pencilpoint and leaves years on the paper, years not of my own making but unhurried as a poem's core. Someday, someday lie the whispered secrets at the next desk. Daylight girls fret and gather at the corners. Typewriters clack. When is she (hurry around the desks) going to reach my present moment? Payday comes in a yellow envelope, to be exchanged at the bank for heat and light and air and numbers in a book. Pay your dues. Put on your boots and go.

Outside, the snow is making feathers of everyone's hair, slanting between the Tribune's trucks and the noises blinking on-off, on-off, on-off. Cold. The river is passed by today, the steps all heaped, wind and flake. Take the el? Walk?

Walk. LaSalle Street in a mist of snow, getting clearer now as sight is more obscured. Open. Blather and honk, splash and spurn of traffic. Thoughts getting stronger as my connection to the outside fades. Soon I am all surrealism, automatic feet moving somewhere beneath me, automatic response to red-and-green. How soon afterward? Walking down the median strip of the world, I come to the Marshall Hotel. That's a password he said, passing, leaving me flailing, frosty wings of movement spreading from my fall. Echoes in the light my dears, let's see what we've got here. (This last transcribed, but fitting.) Home, how is my curtain? Lit? Oh comfort. I do not rest until you are home. Home is where the heart is. Whose heart, and in whose home? Rest now.

Valerie

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Cramped in the basement, only eyes and hands can move - amplifiers are absurd - chick at piano and bassist playing their guts out and something nice comes through now and then, but the sounds are blanked by double drummers and amplified sax, trumpet, flugel - must we consider amplifiers indispensable? No one is further than twenty feet from your lungs, brothers. We want to try the gymnasium upstairs, be happy to lie on the floor - this is not sit-down music.

No changes here, but a concluding melody line of sorts, shows how untogether you are technically, but reaching and getting there occasionally. "Correctness" no - yet a wish creeps in that each will instruct himself childlike in instrument control - the kind of control exhibited by second on program St. Louis trio (Julius Hempill, Jerome Harris, Carl Richardson).

Eric Dolphy of ten years ago is the current current (remember all those put-downs) and white Scott LaFaro of the same time, dead at 21, bequeathed free-form lyric lines to Nchakaruba too.

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(Money received for AACM magazine and concerts goes to instruct children in instruments bought through AACM - contributions go to

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for magazine see J. Tuttle at Head Shop)

C. Edelman

Feb. 21 & 22 - Stage play "The Dream" by Muhal (8:00 pm)

Feb. 22 - Anthony Braxton (6:00 pm)

Feb. 23 & 24 - Leo Smith

Feb. 25 & 26 - Thurman Barker

Feb. 28 - "The Dream"

c.edelman



CHARLY, (a film adapted from Daniel Keyes' story "Flowers for Algernon", now showing at the Cinema, Chicago & Michigan).

Cliff Robertson has the awkwardly splayed hands, the shamble, the glazed stare and mumble of the retardate down pat. But more: he grows into and through normal intelligence to genius in the character of Charly the scientists' guineapig; and the process of growth is as believable as his beginning state, and as deserving of sympathy. He is always Charly Gordon.

As he grows into the human world, he realizes what it is to be a man: to be a question. And he asks the scientists assembled to praise his development by asking them what answers they have to the question Charly Gordon--- and gets no answer. His teacher Miss Kinnian (Claire Bloom) falls in love with him, and thinks she knows. He studies himself in love, in thought, in joy, and thinks he knows. His creators the scientists think they know. But when he finds out that he must revert to being a moron, he knows that nobody knows at all. He sees his old self drooling at the corner, following at his heels, reading over his shoulder, smiling up hangdog from his little stool in the bare room, and knows that as it was it shall be evermore. IS it better to have loved and lost?

valerie walker

U.of C. History cont. - from p. 11

student power become a bit thin around the ribs when compared to current grievances at SF State, Madison, etc. and to the University's position as land-eating magalith. The additional community came too late to have any impact, and wound up as statements of principle rather than as non-negotiable issues.

Fourthly, the decision to sit in was arrived at by a vote of 444 to 430. Not much of a mandate for action, especially without the support of the Black Student Alliance. The only demand with any

overwhelming support was that most consistent with liberal campuses--amnesty. Radicals and moderates have clashed nightly; the radical proposal to take neighboring Cobb Hall and set up a suppressed studies division was killed by the moderates, who in turn tried to pass a filibuster motion that would have tied SDS's hands.

If things are in fact not what they should be, perhaps we should blame tradition rather than the participants. Things at rest tend to stay at rest.
Al Rosenfeld

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CALENDAR

KINETIC PLAYGROUND, 4812 N Clark. Opens 7:30. \$5.

Feb 22 BLOOD SWEAT AND TEARS, SAVOY BROWN

Feb 28 BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND, B.B. KING

Mar 1 BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND, BOB SEGER SYSTEM

ARAGON, 1106 W Lawrence. Opens at 8. \$3.50 or \$5.

Feb 20 SEED BENEFIT

Feb 21 WAYNE COCHRAN AND C.C. RIDERS, OPERATION SOUL, WILD HONEY

Feb 22 WAYNE COCHRAN AND C.C. RIDERS, SOUL MACHINE, OPERATION SOUL

Feb 28 MARTHA AND VANDELLAS

Mar 1 MARVIN GAYE

Feb 21 N.U. CHORAL UNION CONCERT. Cahn Auditorium, 600 Emerson, Evanston. 8:15. Free.

Feb 23 at 3:30. GAZA ANDA. Orchestra Hall.

Feb 23 at 3:30. CHICAGO CHAMBER ORCHESTRA CONCERT. Chicago Historical Society, Clark at North. No charge.

Feb 27 CONTEMPORARY COMPOSERS FORUM. Mixed media presentation. Works of Marsha Cohen, Raymon Zupko, Paul Zonn. 8:15. Free.

Feb 28 at 8:15; Mar 2 at 3. "ALBERT HERRING" Benjamin Britten's opera is performed by N.U. Opera Workshop, Cahn Auditorium, 600 Emerson, Evanston. \$1.50 and \$2.50.

Mar 1 SERGIO MENDES. Auditorium Theater, 70 E Congress. 7:30 and 10:30. \$3.50 to \$6.50.

Mar 2 at 3. ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF. Orchestra Hall. \$3.50 to \$7.50. Tickets by mail only: Allied Arts Corp, 20 N Wacker

Mar 5 MOSCOW STATE SYMPHONY with solist VAN CLIBURN. Auditorium Theater. \$3 to \$10.

Mar 7 at 8:30. FERRANTE & TEICHER. Auditorium Theater. \$3 to \$6.

Mar 13-16 DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES. Auditorium Theater.

Mar 28 at 8:30. RAVI SHANKAR. Orchestra Hall. \$3 to \$6.

theater

ALLEGRO. Rogers, Hammerstein musical. Center Stage, 4715 Broadway. Fri and Sat at 8:30. \$2.50.

AMERICA HURRAH. 3 plays by Jean-Claude Van Itallie on American hangups. Chicago City Players, Baird Hall, 615 W Wellington. Thru Mar 9. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$2.50 and \$2.

BIRTH OF A NATION. Satirical musical review. Cafe TOPA, 904 W Belmont. Sats at 8:30. \$2.

BALLET FOLKLORICO. Feb 21, 22, and 23. Lyric Opera House. Matinees Sat and Sun. \$3.50 to \$6.50

INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING, including American squares and contras. Bernard Horwich JCC, 3003 W Touhy. Sundays 8-11. \$1.25; students 75¢

THE SYNTHETIC THEATER, an experimental dance theater. 2238 N Lincoln.

Feb 21, 22 at 8:30; Feb 23 at 2:30. Chicago Contemporary Dance Ensemble performs "VIET NAM STORY"

Feb 19-Mar 2 THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA. F. Garcia Lorca drama performed by Chicago Circle Players. Wed, Thurs, Sat, Sun at 8; matinee Sun. 11th Street Theatre, 62 E 11th. \$2; students \$1.

Feb 20-22 at 8; Feb 23 at 2 and 7:30. THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD. N.U. Gilbert & Sullivan Guild. Lutkin Hall, 700 University, Evanston. \$2.

Feb 20, 21 CRIME & PUNISHMENT. De Paul U. students at De Paul Center Theatre, 25 E Jackson. 8 pm. \$1.50 and \$2.

CARNIVAL SUITE. Satirical review. SECOND CITY. 1616 N Wells. Tues thru Thurs at 9; Fri at 9 and 11; Sat at 8 and 11; Sun at 6 and 9. \$3 to \$6.

DESERT SONG. Sigmund Romberg operetta. Leo Lerner Theater, 4520 N Beacon St. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$4 and \$5.

HEDDA GABLER. An Ibsen drama. Old Town Players. Old Town Workshop Community Theater, 1718 N No. Park. Weekends. \$2. 645-0145.

JOHNNY NO-TRUMP. About a 'teen-age rebel' and family. Hull House Theater, Jane Addams Center, 3212 Broadway. Thru Mar 23. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$3-\$4.40.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Shakespeare 'dark comedy' stars Donald Harron from Stratford. Goodman Theater, 200 S Columbus. Thru Mar 15. Closed Mon; 2 matinees Thurs. \$3.50 and \$4.

Cafe TOPA. Experimental theater. Thursdays at 8. 904 W Belmont. \$2.

THE NEW OLD FASHIONED BAROQUE COMPASS PLAYERS. Improvs, satire, blues, jazz. Harper Theater Coffee House, 5238 S Harper. Fri, Sat 9-1 am. \$2; students \$1.25.

SLOW DANCE ON THE KILLING GROUND. Sensitive drama performed by Hyde Park Company. Harper Theatre, 5238 S Harper. Fri and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 7:30. \$3.

THE WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS. Luther Adler stars. Ivanhoe Theater, 3000 N Clark. Closed Mon. \$3.50 to \$5.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL. A serious comedy by Patrick McGrath. Hull House Playwright's Center, 222 W North. Fri and Sat at 8:30. Thru Mar 15.

Feb 28, Mar 1-3, 6-9 VASCO by Georges Schehadé. N.U. Speech School Auditorium, 1905 Sheridan, Evanston. \$2 to \$3.

Feb 28, Mar 1 at 8:30; Mar 2 at 3 and 7:30. Loyola U. Theatre Dept presents UNDER MILK WOOD by Dylan Thomas. Loyola Community Theater, 1320 Loyola. \$2.50.

THEATER GAMES CENTER. Audience involvement. Every Sat at 9:30. 1935 N Sedgewick. Call for res. 642-4198.

UNITY. Audience participation. 2nd Unitarian Church, 656 W Barry. Fris at 8. Free.

Feb 21, 22, 28 at 8:30. TWO FOR THE SEESAW by William Gibson. Lincoln Park Theatre, 2021 Stockton. \$1

Feb 21, 22, 23 at 8:30. SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS. Goldoni's 18th century comedy. U. of Chicago. Reynold Club Theater, 5706 S University. \$1.50 and \$2.

Feb 21, 22, 28 at 8. The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presents THE DREAM written and directed by Muhal. Parkway Community House, 500 E 67th.

Feb 25-Mar 9 THE ZOO STORY and THE AMERICAN DREAM by E. Albee. Mill Run Playhouse Winter Festival. Matinee Sun. \$3-\$5.

Feb 27, 28, Mar 1 at 8. GHOSTS by Ibsen; play directed by Wallace Bacon. Kendall College Auditorium, 2408 Orrington, Evanston. Free.

MUSIC OF SOUTH INDIA. U. of Chicago Dept of Music. Feb 25 at 8. Breasted Hall, 1155 E 58th. Tickets from Concert Office, 5835 S University. \$2

TELEVISION'S FUTURE: PUBLIC AND PRIVATE RESPONSIBILITY IN THE WORLD OF COMMUNICATIONS, with NEWTON MINNOW. Feb 26 at 8. Harris Hall, Room 107, 1881 Sheridan, Evanston. Free.

THE NEW MORAL SITUATION AND TRADITIONAL MORAL STANDARDS, with Prof Irving Greenberg of Yeshiva U. Feb 28 at 7:45. Parkes Hall, Room 122, 1870 Sheridan, Evanston. Free.

Museum of Contemporary Art, 237 E Ontario. \$1.

Feb 16 and Mar 2; 5-7 p.m. FILM SCREENING FOR MIDWEST FILMMAKERS. Filmmakers are invited to bring their work. Scheduled are: Feb 16 Bruce Baillie, Jerry Aronson, Ron Taylor. Mar 2 Larry Jordan.

Feb 27 at 5:30 and 8. IN-AUGURATION OF THE PLEASURE DOME by Kenneth Anger; EMAK BAKIA by Man Ray; LE CHIEN ANDALOU by Luis Bunuel and Salvador Dali; SKIN by Carl Linder.

BERNARD HORWICH JCC, 3003 W Touhy.

Feb 25 at 8:30. POVERTY AND THE INDUSTRIAL STATE. U. of C. prof Walter Walker.

NORTHWESTERN U. PROGRAM OF AFRICAN STUDIES LECTURE SERIES: Feb 24 "Early Cimarron Societies" 8 p.m. Africa House, 1813 Hinman, Evanston. Free.

films

Northwestern U. Film Series. Tues & Thurs, 7 and 9:30. Adm: \$6 for 12 people; \$4 for 6; \$1 single adm. Fisk Hall Auditorium, 1845 Sheridan, Evanston. Feb 18 VAMPYR; Feb 20 A MAN ESCAPED; Feb 27 I WAS BORN, BUT...

ART INSTITUTE. Fullerton Hall, Thurs at 7:30 promptly. 75¢.

Feb 20 DIVORCE ITALIAN STYLE. Director Pietro Germi, 1961.

Feb 27 THE 317TH PLATOON. French, director Pierre Schoendorffer, '65

Wed-nights at 7. CHICAGO NEWSREEL FILM MAKERS hold workshops on the political/technical problems of movement film making. 162 N Clinton. (for more info, call 641-0932.)

CHAPLIN. Feb 28 at 8. Includes THE RINK, THE VAGABOND, THE ADVENTURER, EASY STREET. Austin Film Society. St Catherine Church, 34 N Austin Blvd. \$1.

exhibits

ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO. Michigan at Adams. Daily 10-5; Sun 1-6; Thurs 10-8:30.

MASTERPIECES OF WESTERN TEXTILES. Morton Wing. Thru Mar 2. \$1; students and children 50¢

THE GOLD OF ANCIENT AMERICA: MASTERPIECES FROM THE PRE-COLUMBIAN WORLD. Montgomery Ward Gallery. Thru Mar 9. \$1; students and children 50¢

HOUSEWARE DESIGN, '68-69. Gallery 38. Thru Mar 9.

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART. 237 E Ontario. Tues thru Thurs 10-8; Fri and Sat 10-5; Sun 12-5.

H.C. WESTERMAN. Sculpture exhibit thru Mar 2. CHRISTO: WRAP-IN WRAP-OUT. Christo Javacheff super-exhibit. Thru mar 2.

STUDENT ART EXHIBIT. Rosner Gallery, 235 E Ontario. Thru Mar 1. Tues thru Sat 11-5; Sun 1-5.

'NEW SURREALISM' OF CARLOS REVILLA. Galleria Roma, 155 E Ontario. Tues thru Sat 10:30-5:30; Wed 11-7; closed Mon.

BEN SHAHN lithographs. Thru Feb. Main Street Gallery, 646 N Michigan.

20TH CENTURY EXHIBIT, Works made possible by technology: light boxes, plastic and stainless sculpture, photo-serigraphs. Live From Chicago, 501 N Clark. Tues thru Sat 11-7; Sun 2-5.

RECENT LITHOGRAPHS BY SEYMOUR ROSOFKY. Pro Grafica Arte, 155 E Ontario. Tues thru Sat 10:30-5:30.

PAINTING OF ANCIENT AFRICA BY EUGENE EDAU. Du Sable Museum of African-American History, 3806 S Michigan. Daily 12-5. 50¢.

24TH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHY. Feb 1-24. Field Museum of Natural History, Roosevelt Rd at Lake Shore Dr. Mon thru Fri 9-4; Sat, Sun 9-5.

AN EXHIBIT OF MUSICAL SCULPTURE (literally) by FRANCOISE AND BERNARD BASCHET. Thru Mar 15. Arts Club of Chicago, 109 E Ontario. Mon thru Sat 9:30-6. No charge.

EXHIBIT OF MODERN PRIMITIVES. Opens Feb 15. Wally F. Findlay Galleries, 320 S Michigan. Mon thru Sat 9-5:30; closed Sun.

as well as...

MALCOLM WEEK. A week of tribute to Malcolm X. Afro Arts Theater, 3947 X Drexel. Feb 17, 18, 19 Public is invited to pay tribute.

Feb 19 Drama workshop-"Take Care of Business"

Feb 20 A TRIBUTE TO OUR BLACK SAVIOR by 25 performers.

Feb 21 MALCOLM X BLACK HAND SOCIETY. Program includes A. Luqman, James Turner, Victor Adams, Bob Lucas, Joan Brown, Bobby Wright, Carolyn Rogers, Don Lee, M.C. Louhouse.

Feb 22 Musical tribute includes Conservatives, The Shades of Black, Bobby 'Get Down' Brown, Inspervidells. Feb 23 Concert by Ola Tunji.

BROKEN WALL COFFEE HOUSE. Discussions, speakers, special presentations. 5203 N Kimbal. Nightly 8-11: Fri, Sat 8:30-12. Closed Mon.

EARL OF OLD TOWN. Live folk music. 1615 N Wells. Nightly 9-4. 50¢.

CAFE PERGOLESI. Coffee House with bridge, chess, local artist's show, baroque music. 2938 N Clark. Nightly 6-12; Sat, Sun til 1 am. No cover.

Sundays CADRE pot-luck dinner at BLUE GARGOYLE, 5655 S University at 6 pm. Bring food.

Sundays PBL (Public Broadcasting Lab). Great series on channel 11 TV. 7-8:30. Check listings for topics.

Tuesdays Discussions at THE DOOR, 3124 N Broadway. Also occasional poetry readings, chess, cards provided. Mon thru Thurs 7-2; Fri noon-2; Sat, Sun 2-2.

Wednesdays Poetry night at ALICE'S RESTAURANT, 2445 N Lincoln.

Wednesdays Hootenanny at IT'S HERE, 6455 N Sheridan. Coffee house also features folksingers and satirists. Daily 8-1; Fri, Sat 8-2; Closed Mon. Adm \$2.50.

Thursdays Poetry night at BLUE GARGOYLE, 5655 S University.

Thursdays PSYCHODRAMA group at the Jane Addams Theater, 3212 N Broadway is meeting on Thurs eves at 8. Sessions are \$15 for a series of 10 meetings. For info call 348-5622.

Fridays CENTRAL YMCA holds social dances 9-midnight. Farwell Hall, 19 S LaSalle. Open to public. Adm 75¢.

Weekends THE ALUMNI CLUB OF CHICAGO holds 'get togethers' Fri, Sat and Sun eves. Must be 18 yrs. For info call 726-3285.

Weekends HARPER THEATRE COFFEE HOUSE. Revue of improvs and satire by the New Old Fashioned Baroque Compass Players, every Fri at Sat 9-1am. Folk, bluegrass, balladeers also featured. 5238 S Harper. \$2; students \$1.25.

Weekends GEJA'S WINE AND CHEESE CAFE features Tomàs, flamenco guitarist on Fri and Sat. 1248 N Wells. 9:30-1:30. No cover.

Free coffee and discussions every night til 4 am at the VANGUARD BOOKSTORE, State and Oak. Also at the GUILD BOOKSTORE from 4-10 daily, 2136 N Halsted

ALI ESPRESSO COFFEE HOUSE. Folk music. Open at 7:30; closed Mon Tues. Free Thurs, Sun; 75¢ Wed; \$1.25 Fri and Sat.

JOHN BARLEYCORN MEMORIAL PUB. Color slides of art, classical music. 2300 N Lincoln. Daily 4-2; Sat 4-3.



FEEDBACK



To Jerry Rubin:

Have you ever asked yourself why? Have you ever asked yourself how come they pick on me? You say that there is a police state in this country---I say you are full of shit. The only reason you are followed by police is not to harass (sic) you, but to protect other people from your twisted idiotic mind. I am not qualified to tell others how they should live...so who in the fucking hell do you think you are....

I and millions of other people in this country are not harassed (sic) by your so-called police state---why?---because we do not go out of our way to bring disgrace to ourselves....

All people like yourself---who are not satisfied with the way of the government of this land... should leave this country and go live where they will be satisfied....

So I say now that I think you are a no good, worthless, slobass, misguided, diviate (sic) of the most obnoxious nogooders of society. That you better shape up before you are shipped out---locked up---key thrown away---gagged-----

Peace,

John B. Dombrowsky

The Revolution has been directed toward relieving the repression and miserable material condition of Blacks, Latins, Appalachians; toward renovating the system of "education" which reproduces the pattern of the American ideal, financial success without spiritual values; toward the right of the individual universe to explore himself by any means not harmful to others.

All these aims may be considered secondary in light of the catastrophic situation which will be upon us full force in ten to twenty years. The heirarchy of goals (and means of their pursuit) needs to be reviewed immediately.

Soon our starving poor will not be minority groups: every human being will face the same shortage of food, water and breathable air. Politics will play less part as massic overpopulation rules all the actions of government.

The anxiety which was our legacy from Hiroshima is fantasy compared to the reality of every life every moment hunger - the children of Biafra, India, China, are the newvanguard.

The reports of many scientists, as well as our personal observations, present overwhelming evidence. (A report to the British House of Commons foresees the death by starvation of 20,000,000 Britons by the end of the century, unless voluntary birth control succeeds in stabilizing the population.) (The medical faculty at UCLA advises residents of Los Angeles County to move away from the smog caused largely by automobile exhausts.)

The impact of fertility on an assassinated planet cannot be dispersed now; we can only hope to prevent the ultimate collapse of society and a probably totalitarianism rising thereafter under the guise of protecting the remnants.

Our species is the victim of its own stupidity. No natural food (your children will never taste mushrooms fried in butter) - all space for crops and animals subsumed by humans - oxygen masks to prevent the air from eating our lung tissue (sulphur dioxide was at four times the danger level in Chicago for several days in January) - distilled water only for those who can get it - oceans dying like the lakes, removing our last source of nutrition.

What can we do?

Though it means the fall of artificial economies, all processes involving petroleum products must be outlawed. Electrical processes can replace them in some cases. All industries emptying wastes into water must be closed until prepared to operate cleanly. (An extension of time has just been granted to those polluting industries

unable to comply with regulations on waste disposal.)

Population stability must be achieved throughout the world by any possible means - no more births than deaths.

Forget about money - you won't be able to buy a fresh tomato, a breath of pure air, or a private room, for ten million dollars. Carry signs, sit-in, demand student rights, throw rocks at policemen - if it makes you feel better. You have ten years.

--Mandel Icythane

Dear Sir:

They ain't five beards at de loop DePaul. My first day I said I don't belong there. Why all dem unnergrads wear shirts and ties to registration? Why dey only one graffitti inna crapper? "Help" it said, in tiny scrunched up ledders. You look at it sitting there all by hisself and you feel sorry sorry fer it. De first semester I jest set back and kept quiet and they was nice to me. But after Chrissmas break I come back with me a beard that was nacheral me all furry nice and matted-down. Fer weeks I wandered me around looking to find me a frend, but they weren't none of em talked to me last semester talk to me this semester and I took to wondering why that was? Wal, finally I took and cut off my beard. What could I do? I was alonesome. An you know what? Somebody finally upped and talked to me. They said "Why did you go an shave yer beard off fer?"

Your frend,
Steve Olderr

Well Steve, why did you do it?

Kooper-Bloomfield



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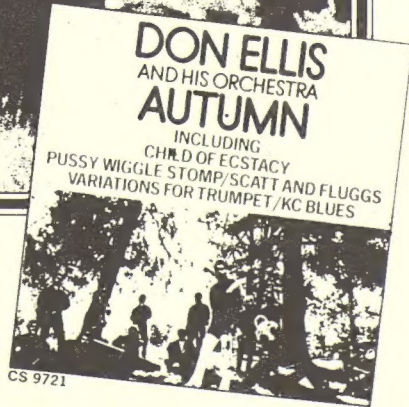
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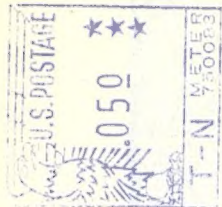
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